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S E C O N D

BOOK OF THE NORTH SHORE



HIGHWAYS and BYWAYS
PAST AND PRESENT



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SECOND BOOK *of the* NORTH SHORE



Photo by Bemm

THE HEIGHTS AT "MIRALAGO"
Highland Park, Ill.

SECOND
BOOK *of the* NORTH SHORE

HOMES, GARDENS, LANDSCAPES
HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS
PAST AND PRESENT

By MARIAN A. WHITE
Author and Lecturer



CHAPEL TOWER
Lake Forest College

CHICAGO
J. HARRISON WHITE
1911

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No. 1

FOREWORD

The Treaty of Chicago, whereby the Indian, on the twentieth day of September, eighteen hundred and thirty-three, ceded all that remained of his birthright, in Illinois and Wisconsin, was consummated on the North Shore. Therefore the "First Book of the North Shore" (1910), naturally dwells upon the traditions and legends associated with Chicago and this immediate environment. The author, in the preparation of this earlier work, realized how much of traditional interest, the "North Shore" in Lake County, possessed. In the "Second Book of the North Shore" effort has been made to tell its story. As a similar work on the highways and byways in the same county, but a little more remote from the west shore line of the Great Lake, is in contemplation, but brief mention is made of these particular localities, and, only in so far as their traditions are closely associated with those of Waukegan, Lake Forest and Highland Park. In the first work, Cook County was largely represented. The present work is also illustrative of the "present" in Glencoe, Hubbard Woods, Kenilworth, Wilmette, Evanston, Birchwood, Rogers Park, Edgewater, and Glen View. Later, the author hopes to feature the past and present of Evanston in an illustrated work of like kind. "Out of scraps and fragments, diamond dust of the past," must we link together, not only that which is of import locally, but that which shall swell the budget of tradition, nationally.

Mariant White.



MOONLIGHT ON LAKE MICHIGAN
Lake Forest, Ill.



J. OGDEN ARMOUR'S SUMMER HOME
Lake Forest

Highways and Byways Past and Present

THE HIGHWAY IS OPENED

Thou givest all
An equal chance—to work, to do their best—
Free land, free hand—thy son must work or fall
Grow strong or die ! That message shrieks the storm-wind's call !
A. C. Laut.

BEFORE the seventeenth century had rounded to maturity, England and France were vying with each other for territorial aggrandizement in that newer country, far, far beyond the Atlantic seaboard. The latter territory was still in the throes of pioneer development, while that of the Great Lakes, the unexplored region, became the land of romance, of heroic deeds, of new pleasures and wealth in the imagination of those who were willing to brave its hardships.

The church, too, was caught in the spirit of the age. Its missionaries, young men of learning and of unquenchable zeal, were urged to join the various expeditions of exploration with a view to converting the aborigines to the Faith. A brave and noble band were



Photo by Bemm

THE BRIDGE AT "HAVEN WOOD"
Lake Forest, Ill.

these ambassadors of the Cross. How they struggled to gain converts amid hardships inconceivable, as well as their sufferings from exposure and fatigue, can better be imagined than described. Their letters tell very little of these features of the expedition, so thoroughly had self become absorbed in caring for others. Yet one may read between the lines of these precious documents.

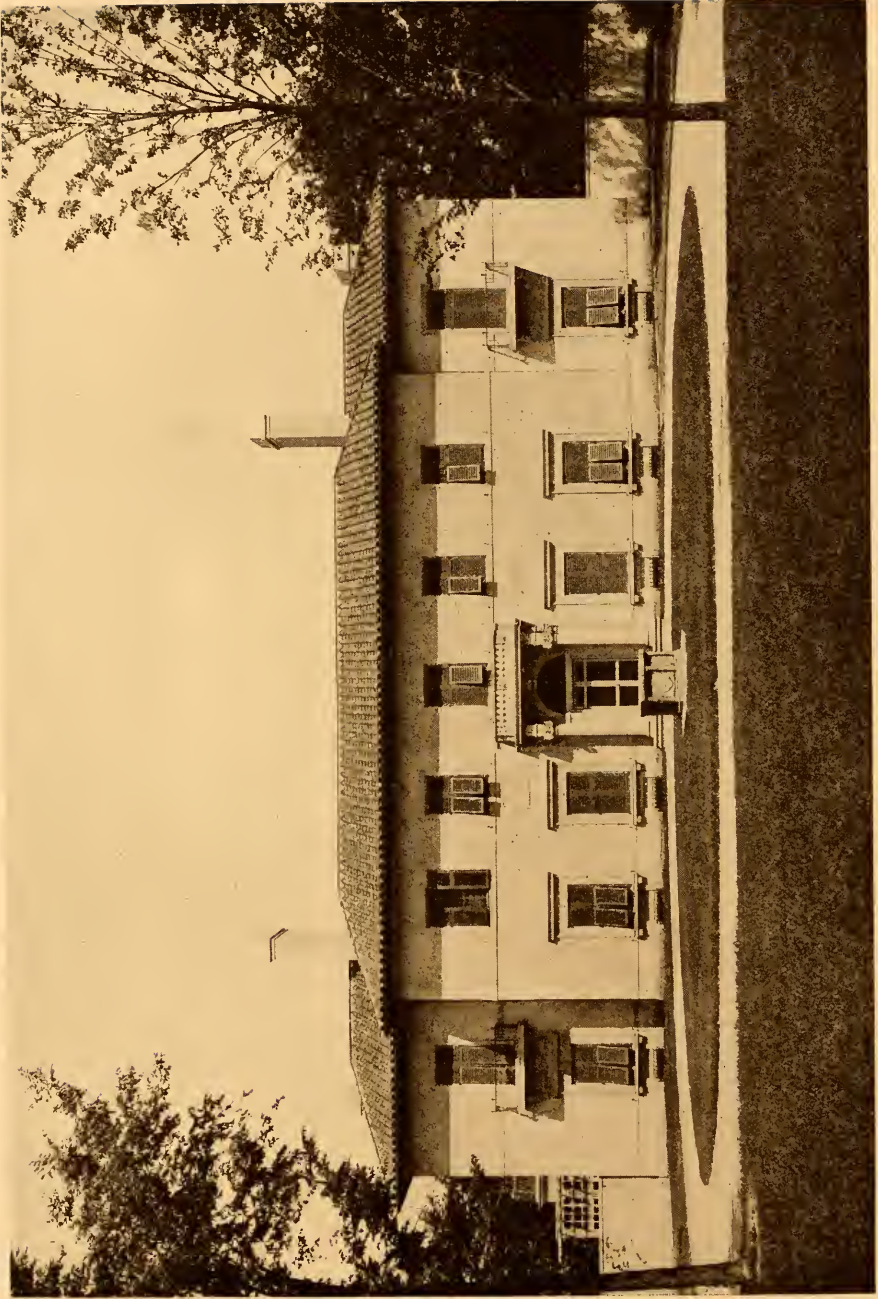
The Indians had brought to the traders of the Upper St. Lawrence wonderful stories of a country in the vicinity of a Great River which no white man had seen. Across seas spread this legend of the Mississippi Valley, and in due course, the highways and byways of river, lake and wilderness trail became familiar to explorer, missionary, voyageur, trader and adventurer, each and all urging their impetuous way northward and westward. Advance or retreat, encouragement or despair, according to the will or notion of the warring Indians through whose territory they must of necessity pass; beset with privations of every kind; running the gauntlet of capture and torture worse than death, undaunted and courageous to recklessness, passed band after band of those wilderness pioneers, and messengers of the story of the Cross from New France over the route which might bring them to this Eldorado.

Nicolet, Groseillier and Radison, Joliet and Marquette, La Salle, Tonty and Hennepin, each in due course making their way to Green Bay, singly or in company, and from thence journeying to the west, northwest and southwest, in their ambition to annex territory to the New France that had established itself at Quebec, as well as for the conversion of the aborigines to Christianity. Associated with each and all of these names is an interesting amount of legend and tradition but partially told.

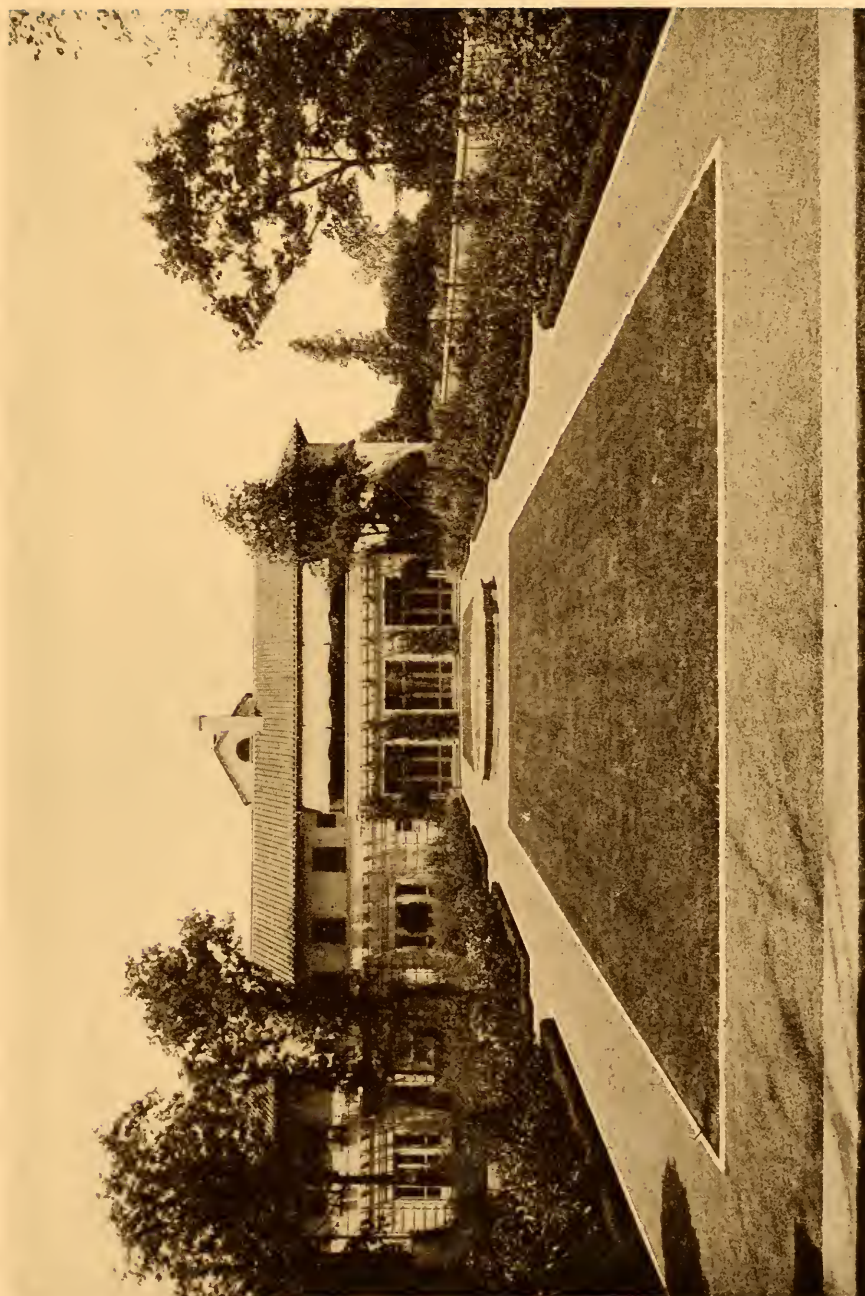
It is early Autumn and the year 1673. The wood-crested bluffs of the shore north from the "Chicagou" are struggling to retain pretensions of summer finery, while coquettishly appropriating fragments of that regal splendor suggestive of the ripening season, that imperceptibly melts into the rime of winter. Fair and fickle wert thou, dear old woodlands! Even as today. Yet 'twixt thy changing moods, through vistas that were fast telling the story of crumpled leaf and wind-swept distances, on this particular Autumn day in question, might be found an Indian watching the purpled billows making sport of two frail canoes.

A moment before and his bow was taut! But the graceful creature now peacefully browsing in the depths of yon ravine, owes its present immunity to the fact that its would-be slayer has become distraught from suspicion. Cherished as one of the special gifts of "Manitou the Mighty," the red man experiences feelings of resentment toward the purposeful urging of two birch-bark canoes over his own particular highway. Besides the merry chansons of the irrepressible coureurs de bois, fall on his ear as if in defiance or challenge.

Among the occupants of the foremost canoe he singles out one with darkly-bearded face, and notes with apprehension that a pair of eagle eyes are keenly scanning the bluffs, while significant gesticulations are made in the same direction. The throb of irritation, that like an arrow pierced the bosom of the Indian, now yields to one of



ITALIAN VILLA AT LAKE FOREST
(West Front)
Summer Home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fowler McCormick



ITALIAN VILLA AT LAKE FOREST
(South Front and Garden)

Summer Home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Fowler McCormick



Photo by Benim

GARDEN AT HOME OF MR. A. A. CARPENTER, JR.
Lake Forest, Ill.

less antagonism, as he becomes aware of a wasted and gaunt form enveloped in a dark, travel-stained garment, being borne along by the less boisterous movements of two *engages*, in the second canoe.

"Black Robe!" Yes, the Indian had already become familiar with its significance, for not so many moons had waxed and waned since a "Black Robe" (Father Allouez) had told to the Winnebagoes in the northland the Story of One who had died to save. He was a Pale Face, as was the Black Robe who brought the message. And now a number of pale faces and another Black Robe are adown the waterway bordered by the favorite hunting grounds! What does it portend? The Indian soon learned.

Had the darkly-bearded man (Joliet) succeeded in conveying the valuable memoranda and charts outlining this particular expedition of exploration, the North Shore might be more rife with tradition and legend than at present. How did its bluffs and dunes, its forests and ravines, its inlets and sandy and pebbled beaches impress the first white men who dared its mutable waters?

But the Lachine Rapids of the beautiful St. Lawrence hold within their maw of turmoil and never-ceasing action the story we would fain tell. Nothing in the way of discovery and exploration seems difficult in these modern days of scientific acquirement, and if these documents were on parchment and protected by skin covering, it is not improbable that at some time in the future when the Lachine Rapids come under the manipulation of engineers, bent on making them navigable, that the lost documents will be found and in such condition as to be of service to those interested.

Marquette, the gentle missionary, has left in his diary unmis-takeable evidence of his voyage adown the North Shore in the autumn of 1674. Two shelter places are clearly defined in this particular vicinity—in the neighborhood of what is now Lake Bluff and Evanston (See "Book of North Shore", 1910). Two local historians claim the present site of Waukegan as one of the shelter places on this particular expedition to the Illini. This is not an improbable conclusion. The band of Pottawattomies, in five canoes acting as escort, would be familiar with the shore line and its advantageous inlets for rest and shelter, as well as its immunity from unfriendly expressions on the part of the natives. But the assertion that Marquette landed somewhere in the vicinity of what is now designated Waukegan, and from thence journeyed over the inland trail to the mouth of the Chicago river, has no foundation in fact.

True, the smaller band of Illini, whom he had suffered to accompany him in four canoes, were not in favor of the water—the Great Lake in particular. They were not "canoe-men" in the same sense as the Pottawattomies. Therefore, supposing the Illini to have suggested the inland trail, the Pottawattomies, the all-powerful tribe in this vicinity at that period, would have over-ruled the proposal, for Marquette was not in condition, physically, to undergo the fatigue attending this latter route.

The lake, in spite of stress of weather, seemed the more feasible, for in his canoe the missionary might be borne along in reclining position when fatigue necessitated that change. Again, Lake Mich-



Photo by Benm

HOME OF MR. CHARLES S. FROST
Lake Forest, Ill.



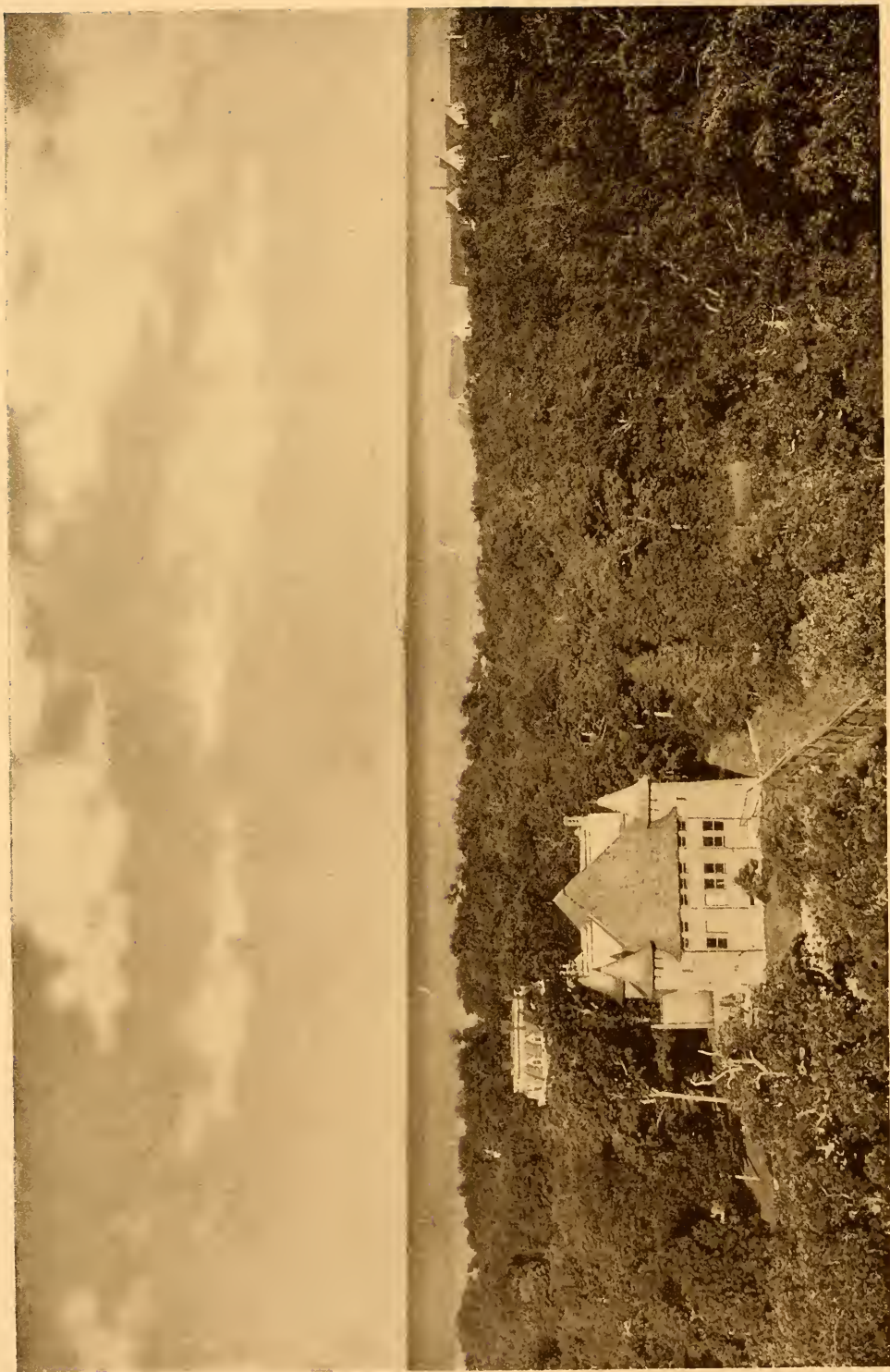
Photo by Bemm

A TURN IN THE ROAD
Lake Forest, Ill.

igan was then, as today, smiling in its azure bewitchingness one hour, the next finding it the plaything of winds, which transform its placid waters into heaving bulkheads, threatening dire destruction to all craft caught within their power. And also as today, after a night of storm and unrest, the sun rose fair and promising from the eastern horizon, bestowing upon lake, bluff and woodlands a beneficence of warmth and brightness like the smile of heaven itself.

So our early voyageurs took heart of grace, and, encouraged by the trend of the wind to the westward, where the faraway prairies, touched with the decorative effects of autumn, were waving their long grasses in sea-like motion, and in phantasies of gold, amethyst and crimson, launched their canoes on the sappharine waters, and again missionary-explorer and his *engages*, as well as the two bands of friendly disposed Indians, are gliding toward the mouth of the "Chicagou."

The ice-floes of the same shore were braved by Father Claude Allouez, in the winter season of 1676 and 1677. What a world of tradition and romance might be wrought from the passing of this second heroic soldier of the Cross adown our storm-lashed shores! Father Allouez was no longer young. He had endured great hardships among the Indians of Lake Superior previous to his first coming to Green Bay. It was after Marquette, journeying northward on the eastern shore of the Lake, was seized by illness, terminating in death, that Allouez journeyed to the Illinois Indians, among whom he worked until the coming of La Salle.



THE LAKE AND THE FOREST—FROM THE ROOF OF COLLEGE HALL
Lake Forest, Ill.



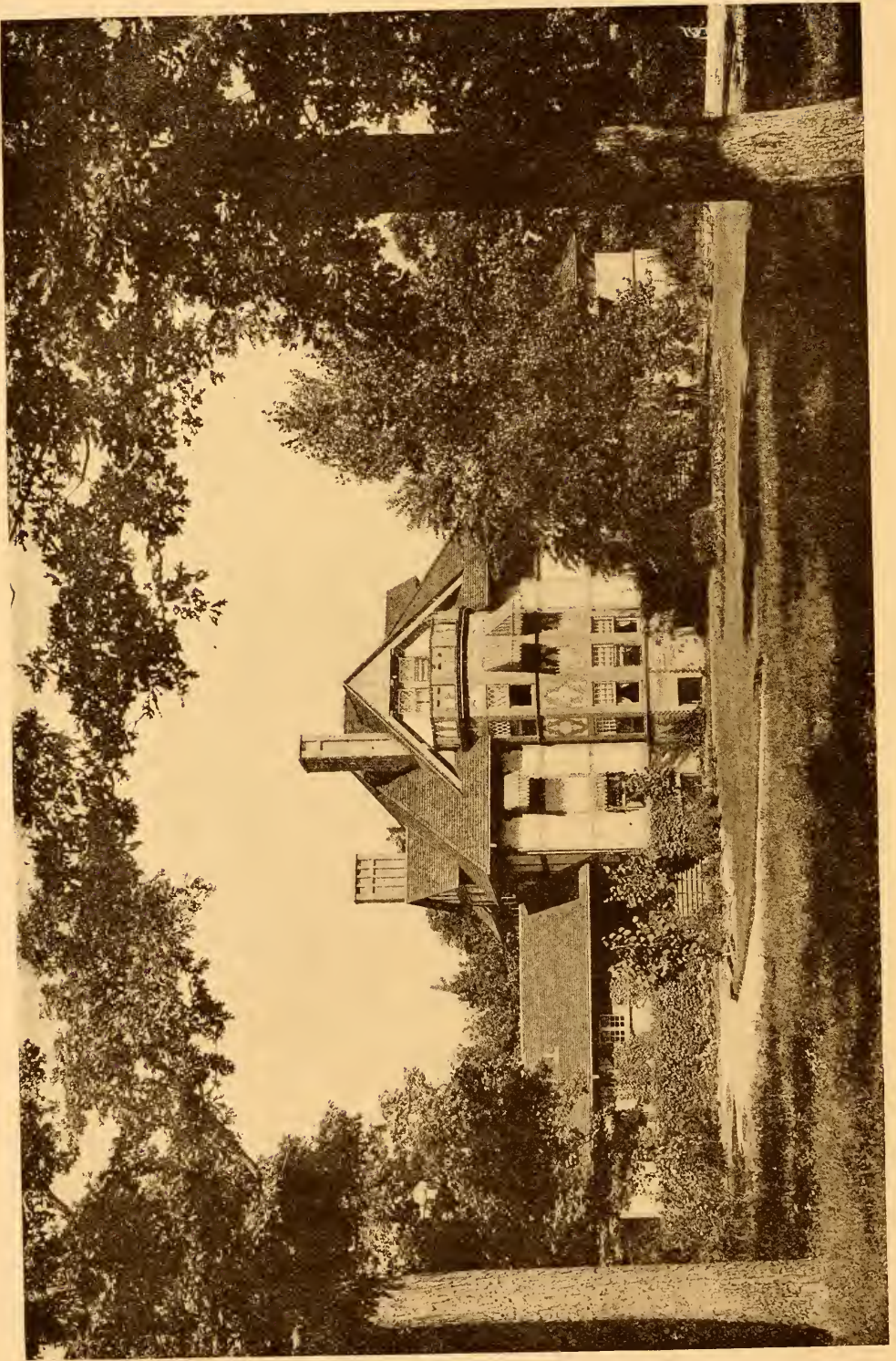
Photo by Benm

A VISTA IN THE LAKE PARK
Lake Forest, Ill.

La Salle! Another name with which to conjure in the legendary and traditional of this particular vicinity. Scholar, gentleman, explorer, La Salle became ambitious for his country's territorial expansion. His imagination fired by the legends that reached him of the vast, unexplored wilderness westward of the New France, La Salle forced himself here, there and everywhere with the impetuosity of the whirlwind, so active, enthusiastic and intrepid was he in urging the extension of French dominion in the New World. Link his name with that of the devoted Tonty, with Hennepin, Membré and a host of others, and a whole volume of tradition and legend might be woven around this combination of church and state, of political intrigue and treachery.

It was La Salle who first introduced to the waters of Lake Michigan the forerunner of the white-winged craft that was later to skim or plough its waters in the interest of commerce. More than discourteous and lacking in hospitality was our dear old lake at this particular period. It was nothing less than brutal in its treatment of the frail, bird-like vessel that had come to it as a messenger of promise. And somewhere, no one knows just where, the "Griffon" (forty-five tons burden) fraught with La Salle's earnest hopes and heavily laden with a cargo of valuable furs while on its return trip eastward, battered and affrighted, sank, with broken pinions beneath the relentless waters.

Six years have elapsed since the Indian beheld with mingled emotions of curiosity and resentment the first invasion of the shore



THE ALICE HOME
Lake Forest, Ill.

Charles S. Frost, Architect



Photo by Bemm

BROADLY SWEEPING RIGHT AND LEFT
Lake Forest, Ill.

line by the pale face. He had then been somewhat mollified by the sight of the "Black Robe," the order which he had learned to respect. Now a little to the northward and within shelter of the bluffs, the members of another expedition have been forced to the beach by stress of weather. Upon landing they discover signs of Indian occupancy, although no red man is in sight. Appointing a guard for the night the remainder of the company settle themselves for sleep. But the sentinel (and who shall blame him?) screened himself from the bitter chill and torrential downpour.

The Indians were watching, and when opportunity for a closer investigation was afforded, they came silently down their accustomed trail, and keeping closely within the shelter of the bluffs stealthily approached the sleepers. Nearer and nearer they crept and closely scanned the faces of the slumbering men. The rugged lineaments and resolute expression of one of the number drew forth the exclamation of "Big Chief!" The curiosity of the Indian has ultimately got the better of his wonted wariness with the result that the band of prowlers is discovered. The red men are encouraged to come forward, and protestations of friendliness on their part are received by La Salle and his men in good faith. Small gifts were bestowed upon them and they departed.

The grey lines of dawn had no sooner tricked the eastern horizon, than the members of the expedition awakened to the fact that they had been the prey of thieves. La Salle knew the Indian character and he acted accordingly. Followed by his men and the three friars



Photo by Benn

LAKE MICHIGAN FROM THE LAKE PARK
Lake Forest, Ill.

he took to the trail and seizing a young warrior held him as hostage while he pushed his way toward the chief and boldly demanded the return of the stolen articles, at the same time making him understand that in the event of his request not being honored, the life of the prisoner would be forfeited.

The Indians, conscious of the fact that they outnumbered the white men, prepared to fight. What a moment for the intrepid explorer and his little band! But fearless, and resolute, and with guns in hand they faced more than a hundred yelling, whooping savages, yet forbore from being the first to attack. The Indians, surprised and doubtful, also hesitated to begin the fight. These pale faces seemed to know no fear. So they resorted to a parley, whereby most of the stolen articles were restored.

But the Indian of the North Shore had now become familiar with another kind of pale face—the fighting man, as well as with that other “medicine man,” the “Gray Robe.” It is not so very long before he feels the power and purpose of the one for whose implements of warfare he hungered and the earnestness and zeal of the other. Then “Black Robe” and “Gray Robe” became associated in his intelligence as “Long Robe,” and he was never again quite as interested in that Wonderful Story of the Cross. There were doubts within, and fears without, and he began to look with suspicion upon the pale face, whether he came in the garb of priest or trader, and he rested his hopes in his own Manitou, regardless of the self-sacrificing lives of the two orders of missionaries that strove to bring his people within the Christian fold.



THE STONE GATE
Lake Forest



Photo by Benam

DIVERGING HIGHWAYS
Lake Forest, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

APPROACH TO THE ONWENTSIA CLUB
Lake Forest, Ill.

GLIMPSES OF LAKE COUNTY

"We pluck from the vines they set ;
 We walk in the ways they made ;
 We harvest their fields ; and their forests yet
 Are giving us rest and shade.
 The fathers—the men of old
 Who builded a place for us,
 A country magnificent ; brave and bold
 In their faith all glorious."

IN the early period of its political history, Lake County was a part of Cook County; that is it was in the Chicago precinct or election district. September, 1835, the county commissioners of Cook, created a new precinct which comprised most of the territory north of Chicago, naming it the Lake Precinct. March first, 1839, by act of the general assembly, the boundaries and distinguishing title were bestowed on what is now known as Lake County. It received its designation from the fact that its whole eastern boundary is defined by the Great Lake as well as in consideration of its territory—about 460 square miles—embracing a number of smaller lakes, forty of which were familiar at the time, the number since discovered and acknowledged, reaching the hundred mark.

Little is known of the ancient people that possessed this charming section of inland lakes, of rich forest growth, and undulating stretches of open prairie. The Mound Builders were here, but they,



Photo by Benm

"DEERPETH INN"
Deerpath Avenue, Lake Forest, Ill.

as the Indian, had no written language, therefore the little tradition gathered from their occupancy has been through the excavation of a few mounds which have yielded relics of much interest to the student of archaeology. That this pre-historic people were superior to our aboriginal, even as the latter is of inferior race to the white man, there is little doubt, and that Lake County was a favorite territory of the Indian, we are sure. Game was here in abundance; lakes and streams furnished a variety of fish, while the marshes became the breeding places of a variety of waterfowl. Our red brother preyed upon these as a means of sustenance, as well as to obtain skin for clothing, so when the first settlers came, they, too, found game, fish and fowl in rich variety.

Prairie and forest were penetrated by a network of byways that intimated a direct route to some given point. Perhaps a war trail pushed itself directly in the vicinity of a hostile tribe. Later, the same trail designated the most direct route to the cabin of hunter or trader, or to some small settlement of the pale face. Other trails were the outcome of the chase, certain pathways through forest or woodland, or over undulating prairie, designating the habitual route of the tribe when on a hunting expedition. There were trails exemplifying the migratory spirit of whole villages, for parallel with the moccasined-patted footpath were the deeply indented traces of the tepee sticks.

Through the intricate forest ways the Indian would frequently twist or bend the lithe branches of a young sapling in such form that it would ultimately grow and show a marked difference from anything of neighboring development, thereby designating a particular route which would afterward become a known trail. The white oak and the white elm trees seem to have been selected along the North Shore for this purpose.

A few of these trail trees remain. Some of the early settlers recognized them as landmarks of import so made an effort toward their preservation. Others, and these were in the majority, considered them freaks of nature, or "deformed trees," and so destroyed them. The ax was the most useful of implements to the pioneer, but he did not always wield it judiciously. Historical landmarks were destroyed, and highways and byways unnecessarily denuded of that which he could never hope to replace.

With regard to the Indian trails in Lake County Hon. C. A. Partidge, who was brought to this region by his parents when but a child of twelve months, and who is now in the ripening years of an honorable and useful life, and after becoming personally familiar with the trend of these byways of the past, says the "red man without scientific instruments and with no knowledge of the surveyor's art, in a country dotted with lakes and sloughs, laid out long routes of travel in a way to avoid and pass between the numerous undrained ponds and marshes, and yet allow travel in a straight line."

In 1835 one of the oldest of these trails on the North Shore, under the supervision of General Scott, U. S. A., was converted into a highway for military purposes, thus linking "Little Fort" (Waukegan), Green Bay and Chicago. This highway is still known as the Green



THE WOODED BLUFFS
Lake Forest, Ill.

Photo by Benn

Bay Road, and its greatest charm and picturesqueness lies within the boundaries of Lake County.

Soon after the evolution of the old trail into that of a military road, a plank road pushed its way westward and northward, also over a byway of the past, from Chicago into Lake County, where in the neighborhood of Indian Creek it crossed the Des Plaines and united with the Green Bay Road about a mile north of Libertyville. In less than a year this latter road became a stage route, and though the vehicle used was nothing but a common lumber wagon it received added dignity in being drawn by four horses, and as pioneer representative of the United States Mail service through Lake County. Previous to this, mail had been carried by runners between Chicago and Green Bay, over the old historic trail before mentioned.

On the arrival of the first settlers in Lake County, the Indian realized his day of doom was at hand, so he peacefully acquiesced in the new order. True, he caused the pioneer settler some discomfort by tenaciously hovering in the vicinity of farm or cabin, and perchance, appropriating that upon which he had set his fancy, but as a rule he was orderly and inclined to be peaceful, except when under the influence of the white man's "fire water." The final treaty by which the Indians ceded their right to this particular territory had not been consummated when the first settlers came to the county, and in spite of the warnings issued by the government, a few daring pioneers staked claims while the Indian was still the lawful possessor of the land. By this time the red man had become somewhat proficient in the use of firearms, his children alone using bow and arrow. So products of the chase became objects of trade and barter between himself and the earlier white settlers. The latter found some primitive attempts at cultivation of the soil, and corn, squashes and beans were struggling for mastery under these crude conditions of farming.

By 1839 the Indian title was extinguished and the tribes were gradually corralled into reservations beyond the Mississippi. As in previous history the red man's abandonment of territory meant the white man's settlement thereon, and Lake County proved no exception to this rule. The white man, as the Indian, preferred the vicinity of rivers and streams, so the first real influx of settlers to Lake County selected the banks of the Des Plaines river which traverses the county from north to south at an average distance of six miles west of the Great Lake. The French explorers designated this river in the old maps as "Aux Plaines," while later it became localized on modern maps as "O'Plain." In early times it had gone by the name of the Des Plaines River, signifying river of the plains, while to the Indian it had been familiar as the "She-shick-ma-wish-sip-pe," meaning "soft maple tree river."

There was a number of creeks in this vicinity, all of which were distinguished by Indian names of significance, and those which have not been dried up by evaporation, or by drainage, still preserve the Anglo-Saxonized interpretation of the aboriginal title. One may roam throughout this region today, wondering if tradition is not playing him false in its assertion that here in the long—and yet not so very long ago (1836), a boat was rowed and poled up the north



Photo by Bennin

"INDIAN HILL"
HOME OF MR. J. KUPPENHEIMER
Lake Forest, Ill.

branch of the Chicago River to its source—the Dady Slough—a little west of the present site of Waukegan.

This boat resolved itself into a sort of relief expedition, its cargo consisting of thirty bushels of potatoes and other badly needed supplies for the families of the settlers. So far as can be learned, in the person of Jacob Miller was combined that of captain and crew, proprietor and sole occupant of the pioneer river-boat that pushed its way over the birch-bark-canoe byway of the Indian. And it speaks well for the peaceful attitude of the Indian at this time, who, it will be remembered, was still the "lawful possessor of the land," that the courageous pale face reached his ultimate destiny without let or hindrance and with his scalp still safe under his twist of red handkerchief. It is a pity that Jacob Miller left no detailed account of this expedition. Yet, tramping beside parts of this water-course today, one realizes some of the difficulties encountered by this intrepid boatman, whose name and that of his descendants figure largely and honorably in the history and evolution of Lake County.

Legends of the importance of grist mills and saw mills, keeping parts of this same waterway busy and excited in its pioneer work of turning the old type of waterwheel, are many. Today these designated sites show either a dwindling, lifeless stream, or a sinuous trail of stagnant water, by courtesy, designated "river," that has neither current nor power sufficient to float a toy boat or turn a bauble wheel. But communities have grown and flourished here, and today, smiling farmlands and enterprising cities and villages all bear evidence of that which is up-to-date and progressive, while still retaining that subtle charm of an interesting and historic yesterday.

The next desirable location for the early settlers proved to be the territory adjacent to and in the immediate vicinity of the old trail. Here, on the Green Bay Road, in the early forties, a scattering of pioneers might be found whose acres trended toward the lovely valley westward, or eastward toward the beautifully timbered portions nearer the lake. In the aeons that have come and gone, long before the coming of the Mound Builders and the Indian, this ridge, according to students of archaeology, was the boundary of the lake itself. So in the early history of Lake County this former bluff that had in the infinite ages of which there is no record, defined the boundary of the waters which are now a mile or more distant from it, and over which the prairie grasses waved and the lordly forest trees towered, in the early forties of the last century, is found the pioneer home-builder.

In these years, and in the vicinity of what we now know as Lake Forest and Highland Park, the one-time Indian trail and military highway became conscious of a new order. There was an unfamiliar sound penetrating this silent highway. It was the ring of the woodman's ax. Presently—within the clearing made by the slaughter of the monarchs that had for centuries spread their beneficence over the red man's sinuous byways, whose limbs had become sturdy and gnarled during the passing of tribe after tribe of the most interesting and powerful of savage nations, might be seen a little dun-colored structure, so in keeping with the hues of the forest itself that it



Photo by Bemm

GARDEN AT HOME OF MR. LOUIS E. LAFLIN
Lake Forest, Ill.

imparts a grace note to the scale of magnificent vistas by which it is environed.

The first log cabin was not one foot larger than absolutely necessary. It was generally the product of a single man's labor. By and bye he induced a woman to share it with him. Perhaps he traveled weary distances, either on foot or by ox team, to win her as his wife and persuade her to come to the log cabin in the wilderness and make a home for them both. Brave and sturdy were the men of pioneer times! But the women, considering the conditions, were even more courageous and buoyant. Then honor to them both.

Together they blazed a trail whose glory scintillates in the homes of the nation. Their descendants are still building homes and empire. The mountains have yielded to their energy and perseverance, the desert smiles and blossoms as they pass. The snows of Alaska recognize their indomitable will and never-tiring energy; the tropics languish no longer in do-nothingness after the magic of their mood has penetrated its somnolency. No monument is needed to perpetuate their memory, for they are a vital part of the nation itself, and so long as home-life is honored and the nation's best asset is found in the integrity of its representatives America will be all that these early pioneers dared hope it would be—a power for good among the nations of the earth.

After awhile, family emergencies necessitated a second and larger home, or an addition to the first one. This time the man did not hew and cut and build alone. Other settlers had, in the meantime, located within a mile, maybe five or ten miles of distance, and the neighborly, helpful spirit prevailing under conditions fostered by this early time, a second and more commodious log structure came into being. When finished a house-warming was in order. Among the invited guests, be sure there was one, and perhaps two, who knew how to manipulate flute or violin, either or both of these instruments having been smuggled in among his other "pioneer belongings." Then feet were compelled to keep rhythmic movement, while eyes blinked through tears both joyous and sad as strains reminiscent of days that knew not the hardship and privations of the later years were wafted from end to end of the primitive, yet happy home in the wilderness.

Schoolhouses, also built of logs, were used for religious services and for community gatherings, political and otherwise, as occasion demanded. Legend tells of the first schoolhouse in Lake County being built at Libertyville in the Autumn of 1836; that it was of the block-house style—that is the logs were hewn on both sides. This schoolhouse was built, as most of the schoolhouses of this period, by subscription, and supported by contributions. There were many bachelors in Libertyville and its vicinity at this time, and to their credit be it said, the little log schoolhouse not only received better care in its building, but larger financial support from this band of enterprising pioneers, who builded better than they knew.

It was the period of rail fences, and what an amount of time and labor was expended in the making of the same! Ax, maul and wedge were the only available tools and the labor commanded a remuner-



Photo by Benn

POOL AND PERGOLA AT HOME OF MR. LOUIS E. LAFLIN
Lake Forest, Ill.

ation of one cent per rail. These fences meant greater onslaughts upon the forests, and as timber was plenty, no effort was made toward economizing the supply. Stacks of rails would be piled ready for use or for sale only to be later devoured by prairie fires that destroyed the already constructed fences. Wood was the only fuel and this was used steadily for more than thirty years after the first timber had been felled in the region of the Green Bay Road, while steamboats and railroads, that followed some years after the first settlers, used wood as fuel continuously until the early eighties.

So the magnificent forests seen by the pioneer were fast tending toward destruction, and the fact that the actual Lake Shore, with its intercepting ravines, forbade easy transportation of material, this particular vicinity would also have suffered the fate of the earlier settled regions, and much of its attractiveness and beauty—its charm of the present—have been lost.

In this day of agricultural labor-saving devices, it is difficult to bring oneself in complete sympathy with the tiller of the soil at a period when the "back-breaking cradle" was the principal harvesting machine and when threshing was performed by a vigorous wielding of the flail or by the treading-out process, when grass was cut with a scythe in the hand of the laborer, and the hay loaded and unloaded by a fork in the hands of each individual of a group of workers. The slow process of hand-seeding has given place to the more expeditious methods of "planter" and "cultivator" devices. These pioneer settlers wrought and struggled and conquered under conditions of which we can form no conception.

Yesterday the plow and the shovel were the only available road-making devices, the forests being stripped in order to corduroy marshy places, and later, when sawmills were at hand, material was provided for the planking of roads. Today, over highways where the ox team plodded in the long ago, the automobile may now safely pass at a speed forbidden by most of the municipalities through which it recklessly appropriates right of way.

Road-making has not yet reached perfection, to be sure, but Lake County has some finely constructed highways, quite a few of which stretch over trails associated with a past that must ever be of interest to those who realize that the fostering of tradition and legendary lore ultimately trends to poetical expression, either by pen or by brush. In other words, an art, national of type, can never be evolved without tradition and legend upon which to build and create the coloring of bygone periods.

Township organization was not adopted in Lake County until 1850, and the first county seat was established on the site now occupied by Libertyville and designated Burlington. The county was divided into sixteen townships, four of which border Lake Michigan, and three of these, Waukegan, Shields and Deerfield become of particular interest in this present narrative of the North Shore.



Photo by Benin

THE ONWENTSIA CLUB
Green Bay Road, Lake Forest, Ill.

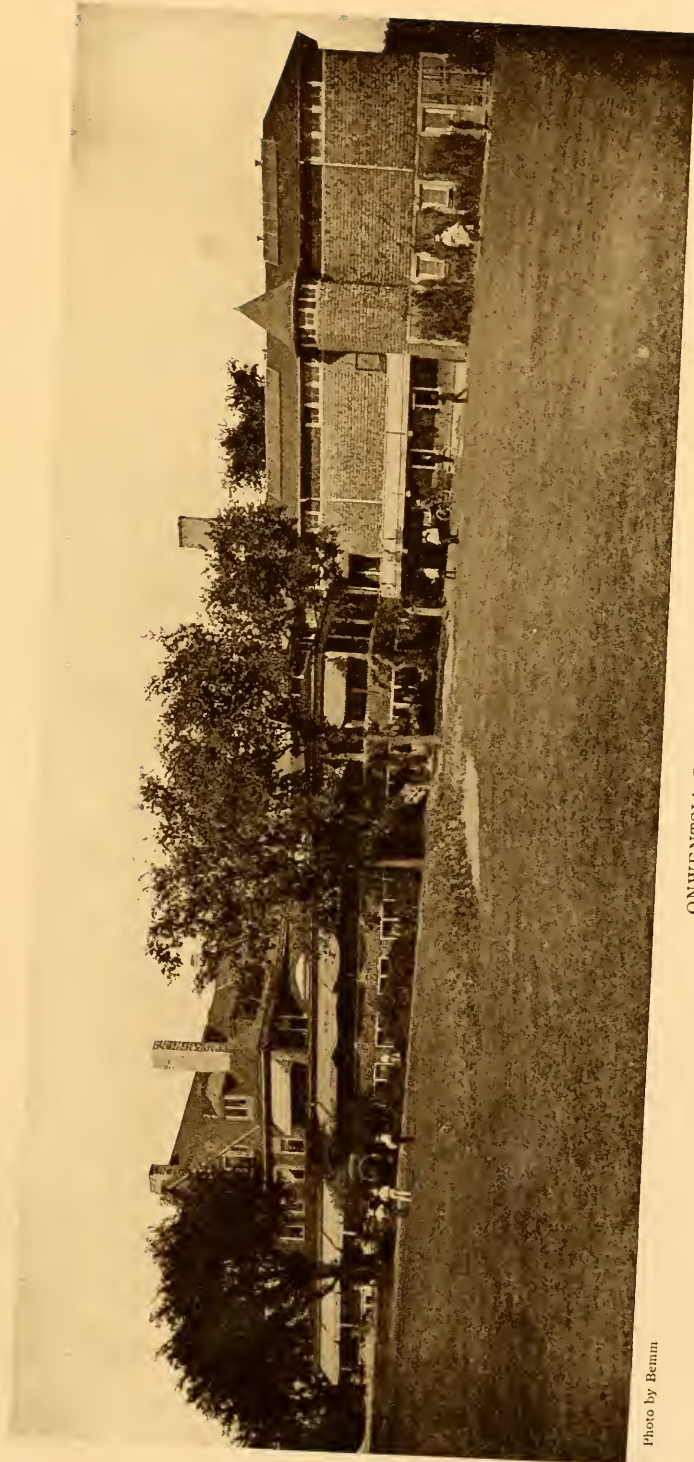


Photo by Benini

ONWENTZIA CLUB (West Front)
Lake Forest, Ill.



THE GOLF LINKS, ONWENTSIA CLUB
Lake Forest, Ill.

Photo by Beinn



Photo by Benn

TENNIS COURT, ONWENTZIA CLUB
Lake Forest, Ill.

(Qualifying to compete for the Championship, taken July 27, 1911)



McCORMICK'S BRIDGE
Lake Forest, Ill.



GYMNASIUM
Lake Forest College

LAKE FOREST—THE COLLEGE CITY OF THE NORTH SHORE

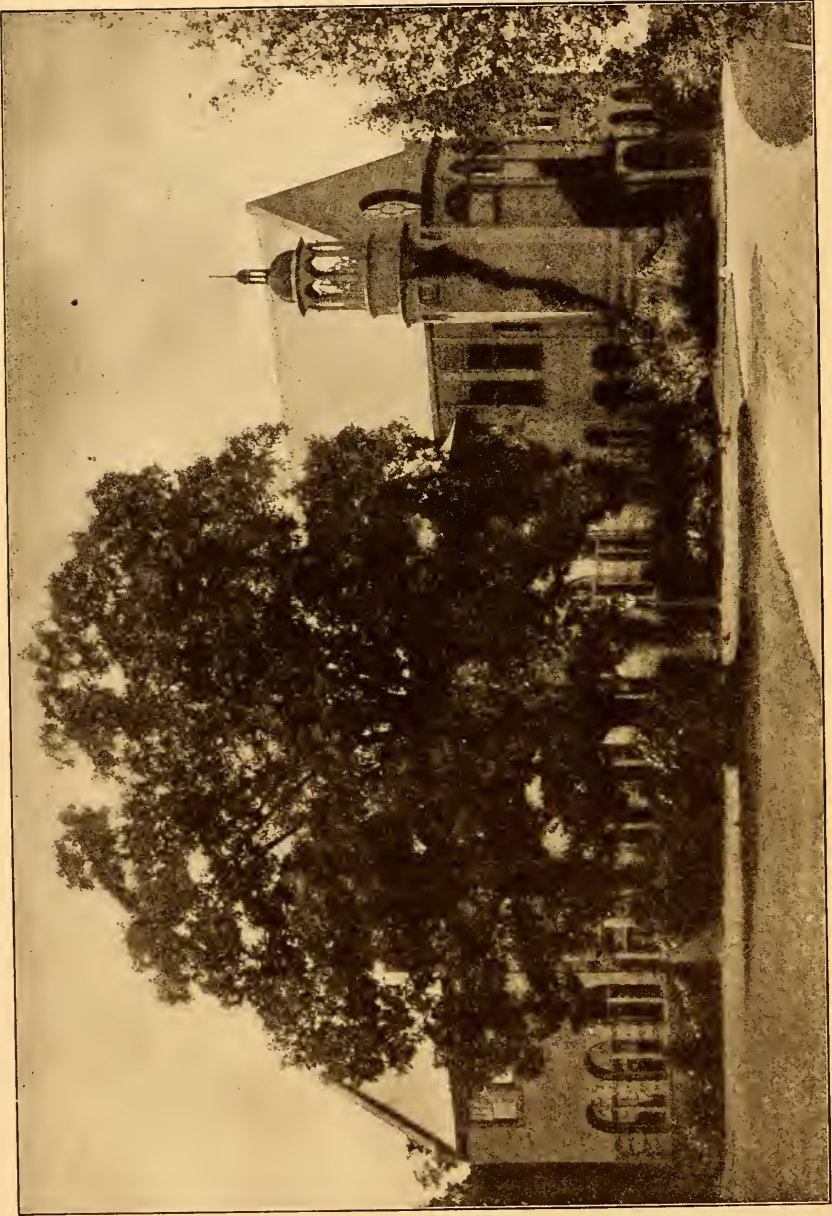
When courage fails, or hopes are dying,
Our thoughts shall ever turn to thee;
Our watchword be, till time is ended,
"For God, Lake Forest, Victory!"

Alvah W. Doran ('93.)

THE story of Lake Forest is so closely affiliated with its educational institutions that one cannot be written without aid of the other.

Yet is there a period when the first white settler came, when the first little dun-colored structure, designated "home," appeared on the old Indian trail, known as the Green Bay Road. This was in 1834, when settlers first came to Lake County, and at the time when the Indian was still in possession. Perhaps Otis Hinckley, who built this first log cabin, came as a hunter and a trader among the aborigines. There are two other names associated with him at this period, that of Thomas McLaughlin and John Strong, both of whom had pioneer homes in this section of the county.

That in 1838 there were young folks here needing an education is proven by the fact that on the Green Bay Road, and in the vicinity



REID HALL
Lake Forest Academy

of Lake Forest, one William Cunningham taught school in his own house. In early times, not only in Lake County, but in other early settled communities, the homes were frequently used, not only for school purposes, but for religious services. Of these homes, in the middle thirties, and of the descendants of the families occupying the same, the writer has been unable to gather very little that is pertinent to this present narrative. But those who traverse this section of the old Indian trail, which later became the military Highway, and now one of the fine driveways of the county, will note with interest, the past and the present closely allied in the home architecture.

At this particular point the Skokie Valley begins to develop a picturesqueness that becomes more and more attractive as one travels southward. Its finest development in this vicinity is at the extreme south of Lake Forest. Just at this terminating point the Green Bay Road assumes some altitude, its eastern boundary being marked by beautifully rising ground, said to be the highest point between Chicago and Milwaukee, which designates the home site of Mr. J. Kuppenheimer. This acreage evidently covers much of traditional import in connection with the Indian occupation. A very important village must have been here located, and its position, together with the fact that the Skokie is visible for miles, suggests its occupation by the representatives of various tribes during a session of Council. This site has yielded rich finds of almost everything associated with the occupancy of the Indian, while the student becomes imbued with the thought, that here, long, long before the red man held his councils, another nation builded mounds and earthworks. From this particular point of vantage the Skokie is plainly seen trending sinuously toward the south. It reaches its culmination of scenic beauty and the charm of far-reaching distances, in Highland Park.

Those building modern homes on the west side of the Green Bay Road, in Lake Forest, have faced them toward the valley, with driveways as an outlet to the historic highway, while the earlier homes, those that succeeded the log cabin period and a decade or so later, are found fronting the same highway, with lovely undulations trending toward the valley. It is here, and just a little north of Westminster Avenue, where a group of the pioneer band of settlers to Lake Forest came. On one particular site, now occupied by a charming structure of frame—somewhat old-fashioned in style maybe, but with interior modern as any up-to-date city mansion, that legend centers in the beginnings of Lake Forest.

The log cabin, which stood a few feet to the north, was retained many years after it had been abandoned as a home, from a feeling of sentiment. In this cabin was born on March 1, 1843, William Atteridge, who ultimately became one of the four original students in the first graduating class ('62) of the Lake Forest Academy. The distinction is also claimed that Mr. Atteridge was the first white child born on the North Shore within the limits of Lake County.

Miss Fanny Atteridge, the sister of Thomas, and who is residing in the pleasant homestead before mentioned, was also born in the log home and was one of the first students to graduate from Ferry Hall. There are some interesting legends connected with the Atteridge log



THE DURAND INSTITUTE
Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.

home. Mrs. Atteridge, the mother, was a Miss Mary Cole, and she lived to the ripe age of ninety-six.

When Mrs. Atteridge first came to live in the log cabin on the Green Bay Trail, the Indians had not yet left the vicinity, and she used to see them frequently passing back and forth, while others, without invitation, would walk in and stretch themselves in front of the hearth. This proves the confidence with which the earlier settlers looked upon the Indian. Most of them in their hearts held him as an object of commiseration, and treated him accordingly. The door was ever on the latch for either wanderer, be he Indian or white man. Miss Atteridge says her mother "knew no fear."

Another time, seeing an Indian passing with his blanket tucked snugly around him, the weather being chilly, and with no covering on his head, Mrs. Atteridge bethought her of an old hat belonging to her husband, and taking it in her hand, hurried after the lone Indian along the Green Bay Trail. He took it from her and really seemed grateful for it, put it on his head and resumed his dogged trot, while Mrs. Atteridge hastened to the shelter of her snug home. After some little time had elapsed, the door of the cabin opened, and in walked the Indian, and without sign or gesture, laid the hat at her feet. He had evidently given it a trial and it had been found wanting, at least in his Indian intelligence.

Mrs. Atteridge also used to love to tell of the French Canadians, who from time to time would enter the cabin and seek permission to cook by her fire. Of course, the hospitality of the wilderness demanded that this favor should be granted and our early settlers became accustomed to these demands. The French Canadians of whom Mrs. Atteridge tells, were in all probability hunters and traders, leading a more or less adventurous life, keeping in the neighborhood of the streams principally, but frequently portaging quite long distances over the well-known trails. But all these legends add to the interest of the vicinity, and it is a pity that so much of this has escaped us, simply because we have been so energetic in our trend toward everything that is commercial.

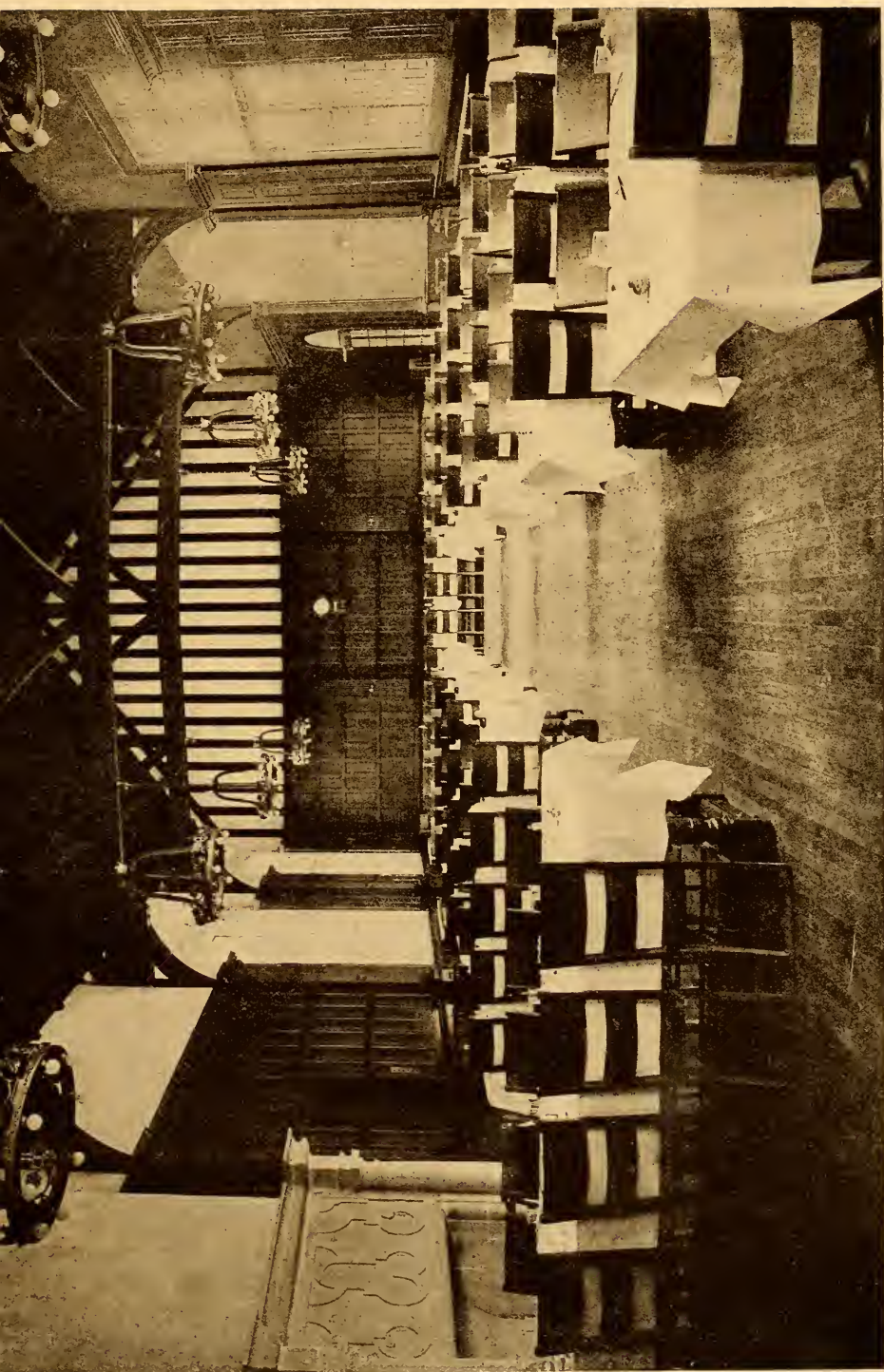
This Atteridge farm is on a very historical site. Miss Atteridge has a wonderful collection of Indian relics found during the first early ploughings, and she treasures them with the right kind of sentiment. Her mother's spinning wheel, brought from Ireland together with her reel and butter print, and an old violin belonging to her father are among the heirlooms of this family, who at one period owned most of that which is designated Lake Forest. Other descendants of this pioneer family are living in the vicinity and the third generation is in attendance at the Lake Forest College.

Lake Forest is wonderfully favored by nature, and it was fortunate that its early projectors, grasping the possibilities of this favored site, sought to add to, rather than detract from its magnificence. It is located on a bluff varying from seventy-five to one hundred feet above Lake Michigan, with a delightful stretch of sandy beach forming the boundary of the waters. This bluff is a dream, so tender and artistic has been the care bestowed upon it. It trends inward and outward in corrugated sections, and here the landscapist has draped with the

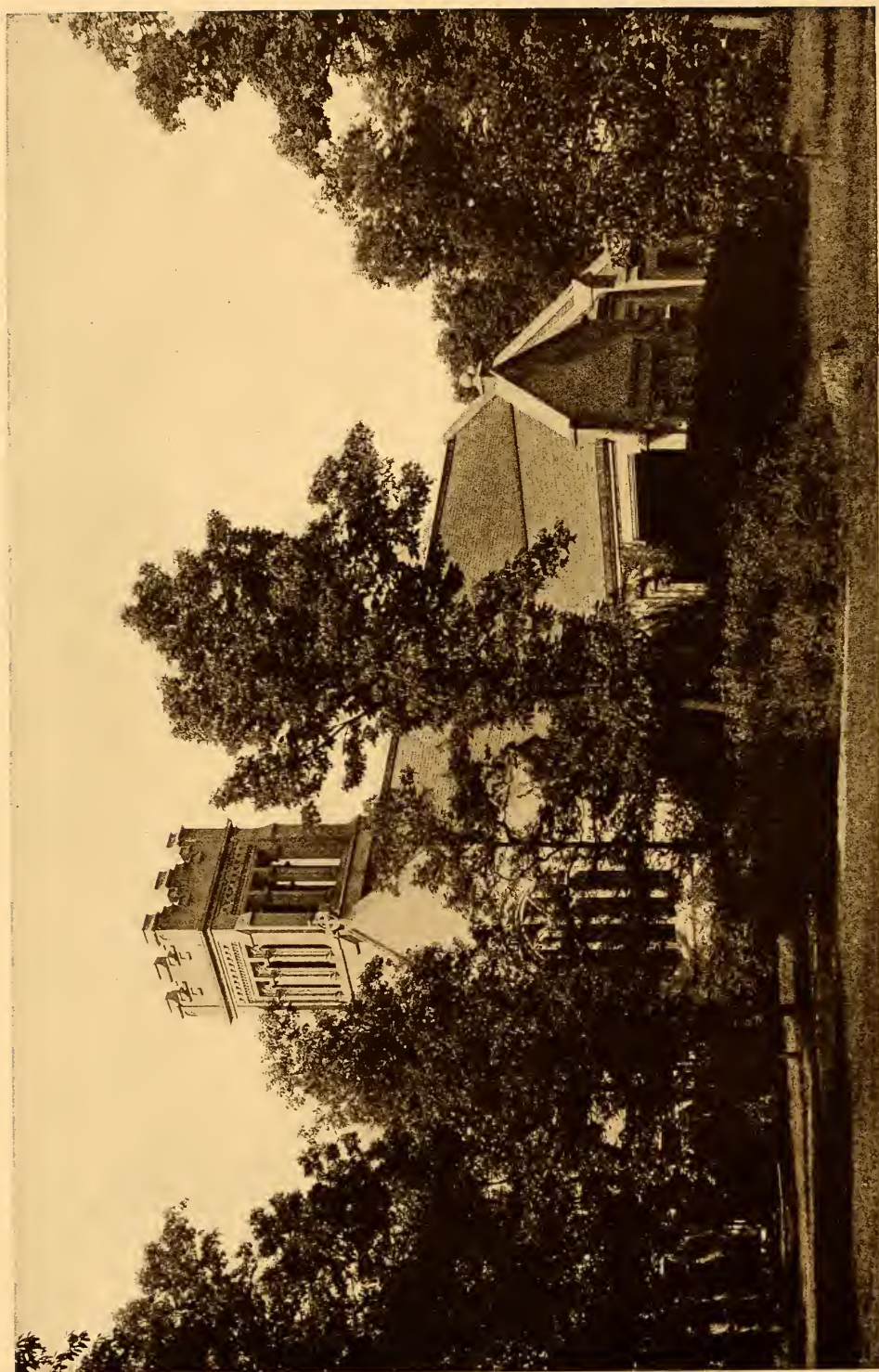


HARLAN AND BLACKSTONE HALLS FROM THE PLAZA OF THE DURAND COMMONS
Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.

Frost & Granger, Architects



DINING ROOM—DURAND COMMONS
Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.



loveliest collection of tree and shrub growth, much of it indigenous, a number of small trails or by-ways leading to the water. It is all so natural that one feels as if no hand ever directed those downward trending, shaded by-ways which are a part of the magnificent park on the plateau above, for Lake Forest has preserved much of its lake front as a public pleasure ground.

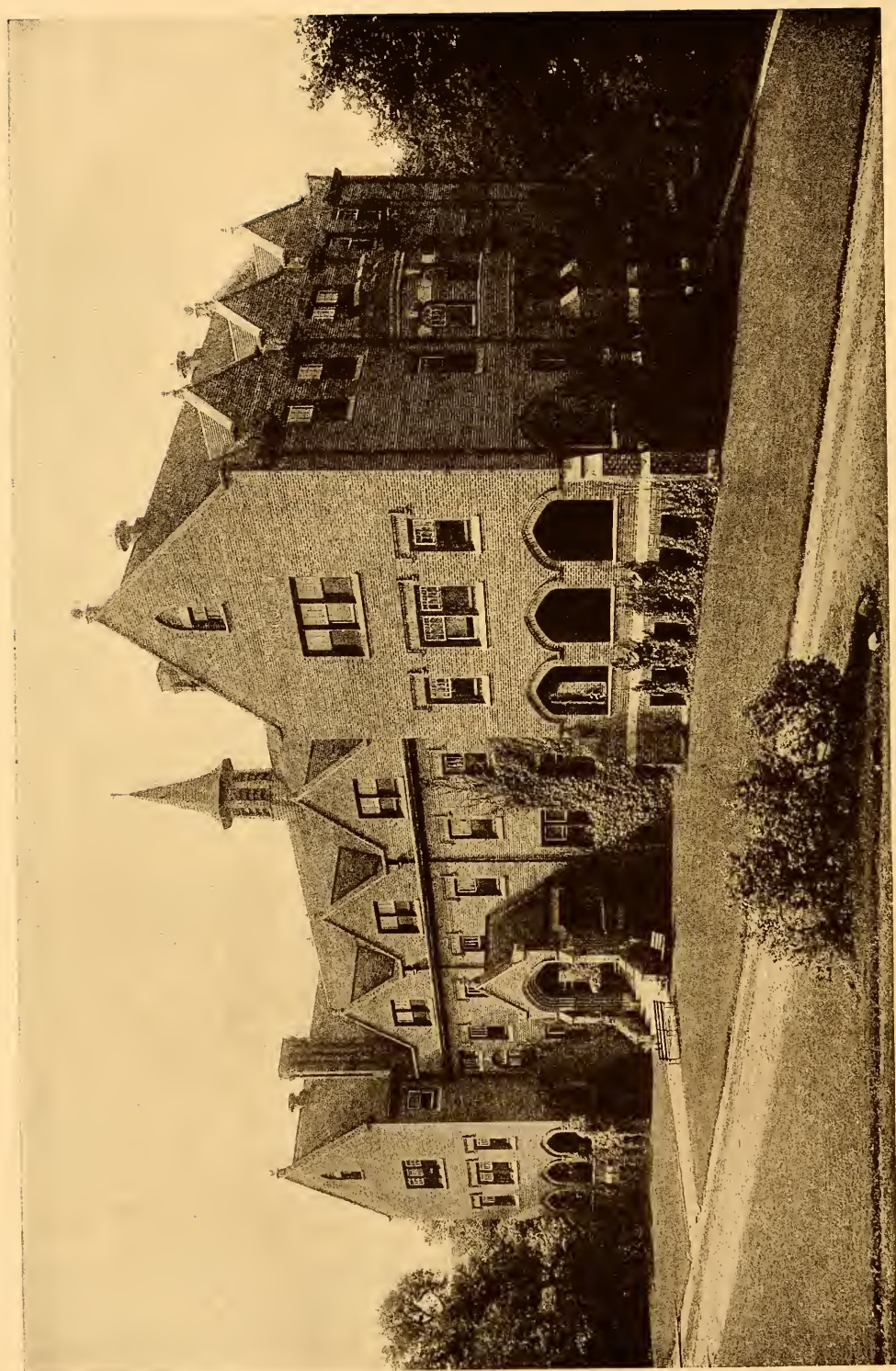
Intercepted by curving ravines, the streets take their way accordingly by the aid of bridges, and the whole of the city is as far as the boundary of the electric road and the Chicago and North-Western Railroad, as one big domain of curving highways and byways shaded by the richest of tree growth. Very few of the fine homes are visible from the street, as the grounds adjoining each are undulating parks. Gardens are brought into subtle view through the most charming vistas of lordly tree growth. The landscape architect who conceived this exquisite method of designing a city was a Mr. Hotchkiss of St. Louis.

Lake Forest is a college center and as such it was devised. If environment has, as we believe, anything to do with the moulding of character, what ought we to expect of those who are privileged to attend college under conditions which tend to develop all that is best in young manhood and young womanhood. It is little wonder that Alma Mater at Lake Forest draws the student body into closer affiliation with the true spirit of brotherhood, and that her sons and daughters seek, through their active alumni associations, to make the annual gatherings suggestive of the coming together of one family.

In February, 1856, the Lake Forest Association came into being. It was conceived by those who desired to establish an educational institution within a country environment; remote from Chicago, but at the same time near enough to the latter to derive metropolitan advantages. Thirteen hundred acres were purchased by this organization. Half of this acreage was set apart as Association property, and Lake Forest was platted and recorded in 1857, each alternate lot being assigned as a university endowment, sixty-two acres set apart as an inalienable campus.

In 1861 Lake Forest was incorporated as a city, and by an Act of the Legislature in 1865, the title of the Lind University under which the charter was granted to the proposed institution when first under contemplation, was changed to that of the Lake Forest University. The first steps toward establishing a preparatory school for boys was in the fall of 1858, when the Lake Forest Academy came into being. In 1869 a similar school was established for girls by means of a thirty-five thousand dollar legacy from the Rev. William Montague Ferry of Grand Haven, Michigan, and Ferry Hall was born.

In 1870 the Lake Forest Hotel and Manufacturing Company purchased three hundred acres of the endowment lands, and on the shores of the Lake, erected a very fine hotel six stories in height and thoroughly equipped. For five years the company conducted this hostelry at a loss, and in order to cancel its indebtedness it turned over the hotel and its twelve acres of park to the University. A commodious and convenient building was now in the hands of the



LOIS DURAND HALL
Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.

trustees, and a college was organized. The Rev. Robert W. Patterson, D.D., of the Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago, came to the college as its first president, serving in that capacity until 1878.

Until September, 1876, there was no collegiate institute of high grade, not under State control, where a woman might receive the same educational facilities as those offered to men, and on the date named, eight young men and four young women entered Lake Forest College, as pioneers in the system of co-education. In 1887 the college building was destroyed by fire. One hundred thousand dollars was quickly raised for a new building, and in 1878 the Rev. Daniel S. Gregory, D.D., of Wooster University, came to the presidency.

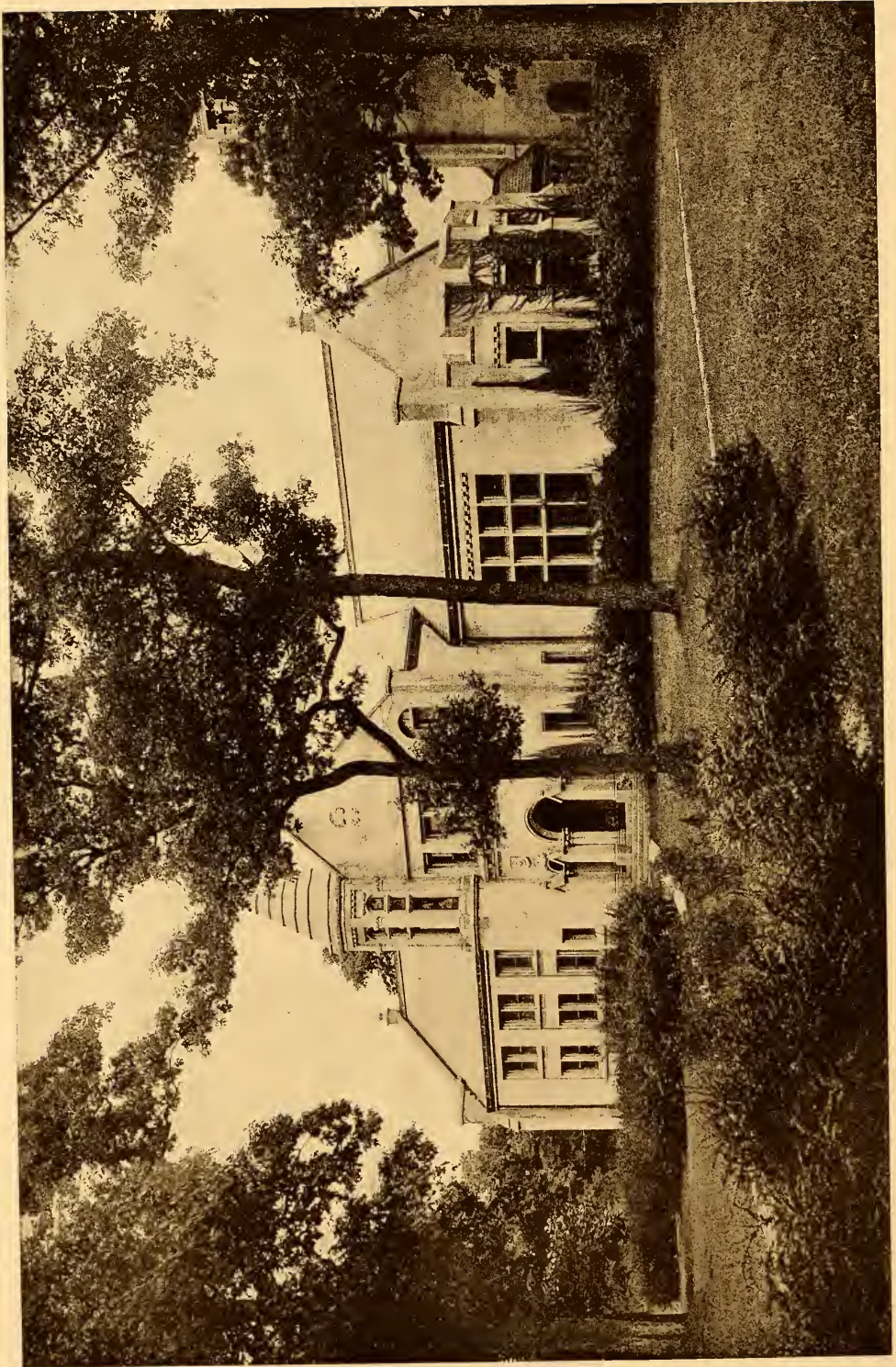
The building now known as College Hall was erected in 1878, chapel, library, recitation rooms and dormitories being under one roof. The Academy building was destroyed by fire in 1879, but the same year a new Academy, and three other structures, were erected.

Most of the present College buildings are monuments to the kindly benefactions of Lake Forest's distinguished citizens. These structures not only add extension to college facilities but the artistic atmosphere is enhanced by the well selected plans of exterior and interior. The Durand Institute, the Lois Durand Hall, the Calvin Durand Commons, the Alice Home, are all associated with the beneficence of one family; and the same might be said of the charming group of buildings known as Reid Hall, the Lily Reid Memorial Chapel, and the Reid Library and Cloister, the Blackstone Hall and the Blackstone dormitories and the Harlan Hall, while Mr. Andrew Carnegie (not a resident) but of public library fame, donated a Science Hall.

In short, Lake Forest College shows a group of finely equipped structures, designed for the work of its students, collectively as well as individually, while its faculty, under the aggressive and progressive spirit of President Scholte Nollen, are pushing toward efficiency in the several departments of learning and study, with the result that the past year is characterized by the largest enrollment of students in the history of the College. Of the eighteen members composing the body of trustees, twelve are residents of Lake Forest, four of Chicago, one of Evanston and one of Milwaukee. Mr. John V. Farwell is president of the official board, while the name of Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick appears on the roll of most of the active committees.

A unique feature of the College student life is found in the fact that both men and women are housed and fed upon the campus, the men rooming in four dormitories with every modern convenience for their well-being, taking their meals at the Calvin Durand Commons, while the women students live in the beautiful Lois Durand Hall, its accommodation providing for sixty-two in a home that is ideal in every respect.

Lake Forest, with its blessed out-of-doors significance, with a water supply of the purest, with a sewage system of the best, with streets kept in condition by a top dressing that precludes any possibility of inconvenience from dust, with neither smoke of factory nor other undesirable structures at hand, presents many advantages to college students seeking an environment conducive to health and the best educational facilities. Its college campus is an inspiration.



Frost & Ganger, Architects

REID MEMORIAL LIBRARY
Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Ill.

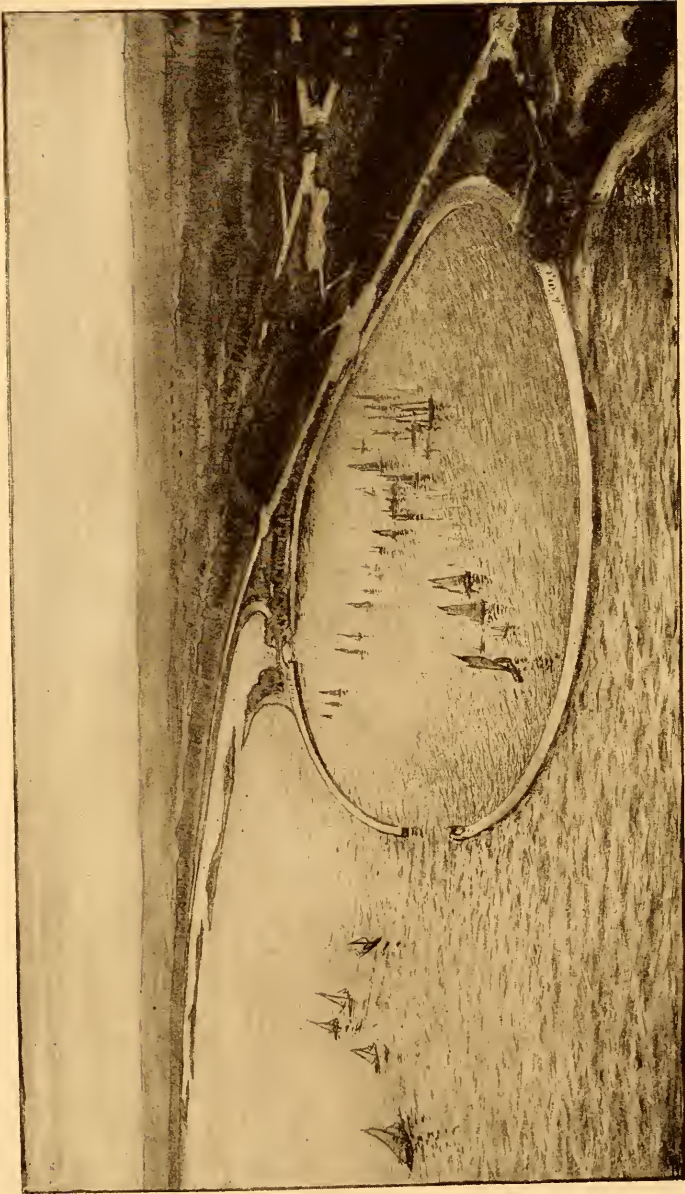
There, while the last century was in budding promise for American progressiveness in empire-building, the Pottawattomies, one of the most aggressive as well as intelligent of the Indian tribes, trod the trails with softly-moccasined feet, in pursuit of the gentle and graceful creature of the forest, which abounded in this vicinity.

Today, glad voices mingle in enthusiasm as the modern sports, football, basketball, baseball and track exercises occupy their respective places of merit as a pastime amid much of the original forest environment, for Lake Forest has zealously guarded its native tree growth.

One of its leading thoroughfares preserves in its title its former significance. Deerpath Avenue was an old hunting trail, while the Deerpath Inn occupies the former site of a hunter's cabin. Before its evolution into the present, neat, well-equipped hostelry, however, it was one of the early homesteads of Lake Forest, having been built by the late Colonel Johnson and occupied by him and his family for many years. Nestled in its beautiful tree growth, the Deerpath Inn, which is just east of the charmingly arranged depot of the Chicago and Milwaukee Electric Railroad, presents an attractive feature as one enters Lake Forest at this particular point. All business structures are west of the railroad, the east side being devoted to residence and college purposes.

The Onwentsia Club of Lake Forest has long been associated with equine sports as well as with that of golf. Its annual horse shows are a feature of entertainment eagerly sought and thoroughly well appreciated by North Shore residents who have not lost all interest in that which constitutes breeding and style in this noble animal as well as good equestrianism and easy and graceful driving, on the part of both men and women.

Should Lake Forest develop its shore line as is anticipated, it will become one of the most perfect centers for aquatic sports, as well as the most artistically finished line of shore on either of the Great Inland Lakes. Mrs. Harold F. McCormick has given this subject much thought and has had the project put into practical form by engineers who are authorities on the subject by issuing an illustrated booklet in which are given estimates of the proposed work of construction, each part of the work being itemized in separate expense. The idea is to have lagoons for sports, to establish a yacht harbor opposite the public park whose dimensions shall accommodate the largest steam yachts, as well as the smaller craft sailing the waters of Lake Michigan, and afford a refuge for yachts coasting the shore line or running long racing distances on the Lake. The project is a feasible one, and the motive of its originator calls for appreciation. Lake Michigan, as we know, is anything but encouraging to aquatic sports. There are no adequate shelter places for such outside the city limits of Chicago. A properly equipped water front would add to the many advantages already possessed by this queen city of the North Shore.



SUGGESTED DEVELOPMENT OF THE LAKE SHORE AT LAKE FOREST, ILL.

(Courtesy of Mrs. Harold Fowler McCormick)



Charles S. Frost, Architect

NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Highland Park, Ill.

HIGHLAND PARK—THE NORTH SHORE PIONEER OF COUNTRY SEATS

“The fathers—the men who thought
Of all the future held,
And, hearts uplifted, essayed and wrought
All the work their dreams compelled.”

FOLLOWING Sheridan Road, after it passes the lovely home of Mr. Frederick Morgan Steele, and the dear old homestead of the Turnley family, in Highland Park, the highway curves northward in close proximity to the Lake, until reaching the southern boundary of Fort Sheridan Government Reservation, it trends westward and entering the latter, again proceeds northward. During this time the tourist has been covering a site of traditional import in connection with the early beginnings of this beautiful home city. Apart from the fact that all this territory, as well as that lying southward, is of Indian legendary significance, its evolution into the city of today, possesses tradition and legend of equal interest.

Just within the enclosure of the reservation is the site of one of the earliest, ambitious undertakings on this portion of the North Shore. In 1845 a sawmill and a warehouse were erected, while a pier of considerable length reached like a long arm out into the lake. The site was known as St. Johns, and for a period it received quite a boom, for many settlers found their way here, and home-building began in earnest. But the title to the land became involved in litigation and the enterprise was finally abandoned, while the town plat was declared void. This small beginning was but the prelude to the other singing activities that were to soon begin on its southern border, and which



THE OLD PORT CLINTON LIGHTHOUSE

were destined to evolve themselves into that grand orchestration of Nature, among the harmonies of which "Home, Sweet Home!" became the leading theme toward a City Beautiful.

Port Clinton, as this second venture toward a town was known, had its site also on the Lake shore, while its promoters cherished the ambition that it would be not only a rival of Little Fort, but possibly of both Milwaukee and Chicago. Ambitions ran at fever heat in those days, for everything was *couleur de rose* to those who came and dared. This second town made a most promising start in 1850. A steam sawmill was doing a thriving business, and from its pier, even of more extensive proportions than its predecessor, were shipped large quantities of wood and lumber.

Tradition says that 200,000 feet of oak plank was shipped in one year from this pier to Chicago for the building of plank roads. Large quantities of wood for fuel, together with wagon materials, and "ships knees" were also loaded into the white-winged vessels that had now begun to skim the waters of the Lake in the interests of commerce. In the manufacture of "ships knees" Port Clinton became a close rival of Little Fort, both places shipping to New York and Baltimore.

Westward from the lake the farmers had begun to grow grain, and the warehouse at Port Clinton held this in storage while awaiting shipment. The United States Government had established and maintained a lighthouse here, and soon a brickyard was started, the father of the late Washington Hesing, one of Chicago's mayors, being the projector of the same. A postoffice was established in 1850, and a



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. FRANK P. HAWKINS

Highland Park, Ill.

(The third house built on the east side)

wagon express. It is said that the postmaster slept with the mail bag under his bed, and his gun under his pillow.

Just at the eastern termination of the lovely Ravine Drive in Highland Park another little community budded into life and did considerable business in the shipping of wood and lumber from a point of vantage known as "Stowell's Pier." In 1854 cholera found its victims in both of these little bustling, thriving lumber sites, and the first to succumb to its dire effects was Andrew Steele, who had been the leading spirit in the Port Clinton project, and was its most prominent merchant. His wife died the same day, while others in the vicinity, as well as throughout the county, succumbed to the same epidemic. But for these unforeseen circumstances Port Clinton might have developed into a lumber region, and the forest growth, that is now such a marvel of beauty in Highland Park, have degenerated into unsightly stumps.

After the Chicago and Milwaukee Railroad had established a station, effort was made by the Port Clinton Land Company to build a town in its vicinity. The present hotel, west of the depot, is a pioneer structure of that day and was then known as the "Central." This particular site was platted in 1855, and among the stockholders of the company appear the names of most of the substantial business men of that time, all residents of Chicago. One of these, Mr. Walter

S. Gurnee, ultimately purchased all the stock of the company, and became the owner of its property.

In 1867 a special charter was granted to the Highland Park Building Company by Act of the General Assembly, and a corporation embodying the above title was then organized, and Mr. Gurnee sold the entire property of the Port Clinton Land Company to the Highland Park Building Company. The stockholders of the latter were mostly citizens of Chicago, and, Mr. Frank P. Hawkins was appointed its general agent and manager. In 1869 Highland Park was incorporated as a city and Mr. Hawkins became its first mayor. He still lives in one of the first three homes erected east of the railroad in that city, and is the pioneer builder of the first ten residences erected between Highland Park and Glencoe.



Courtesy Bahr, Bowen Co., Landscape Engineers

WAVERLY AVENUE BRIDGE

Reinforced Concrete, Designed by H. L. Bowen

The Port Clinton lighthouse, having served its purpose, was abandoned, but stood as an old landmark, picturesque yet pathetic in its ruined and unkempt condition until about ten years ago, when it was destroyed. But its tradition remains, and the writer of this present work, has been fortunate enough to gather a few of the interesting legends associated with it. The lighthouse projected some distance from the present bluff where Sheridan Road, after trending eastward, curves to the north, giving a broad, expansive view of the lake. On the bluff itself was a fine orchard and garden for the keeper of the lighthouse and his family. Its first and only keeper was Owen Monaghan. The bit of parchment containing his appointment is one of the precious heirlooms of a daughter, born in the lighthouse, and her children. It was a proud day when the Port Clinton mail brought the following:

"Treasury Department, Washington, D. C., July 1st, 1856.

"Sir, you are appointed Keeper of the Lighthouse at Port Clinton, Illinois, at a salary of Three Hundred and Fifty Dollars per ann."

(Signed) James Gu—(the rest of signature undecipherable)

Secretary.

To Owen Monaghan.

Deer abounded in the neighboring forest, and the lighthouse keeper shot many a one on the edge of the bluff. Wolves were not altogether strangers at this period and in this vicinity the children's "bogey" was "Hush! the wolf will hear you cry!"

On the site now occupied by a charming home in the Spanish mission style of architecture, and bearing the pretty Spanish designation of "Miralago," meaning "Behold the Lake!" the view of its waters from this point being superbly grand, originally stood the homestead of the Monaghan family. On the edge of a small ravine that picturesquely cuts through a portion of the lawn, is seen a magnificent specimen of weeping willow. When the wife of the lighthouse keeper was a young woman she planted a sprig of willow—never dreaming it would grow—which had been brought to her by a Catholic priest from the grave of the Great Napoleon. In its alien environment it grew and flourished, until now it has become a landmark of wonderful grace and beauty.

A little distance westward, and in a home, the center of which was built for a schoolhouse by the Port Clinton Company and which was also used for religious purposes, resides Mrs. Mary Josephine Cox, a married daughter of Sarah and Owen Monaghan. Mrs. Cox was born in the lighthouse. She has this remembrance of the wreck of the *Lady Elgin*: A body of a well-dressed woman having on a hoop skirt and wearing a long gold chain attached to a watch, being washed ashore in the vicinity of the lighthouse and the identity being established some long time after the remains had been laid to rest. The little red brick schoolhouse which followed the pioneer structure of frame, is still a feature of this neighborhood, being used as a boy's club. In early days, it, too, was used for religious services.

The site of the Moraine Hotel is also included in this old Port Clinton venture. The following legend is associated with the ravine that gashes this property, in a horseshoe curve formation. During the time of the construction of the Illinois and Michigan canal, in 1855, a band of counterfeiters were unearthed here. Everything of their outfit, with the exception of the counterfeit plates, was discovered and two of the men were captured, tried and committed. The third, who was the maker of the plates, could not be found.

Twenty years afterward Judge H. W. Blodgett in driving home to Waukegan from Chicago, when in the neighborhood of Deerfield, overtook an old man toiling along by the wayside. The Judge proffered him a seat in his vehicle, and the man became chatty and appeared to know the Judge, although his name had no significance to the latter. Before Judge Blodgett set the man down at his destination he had promised to accept at some future time an invitation to call at the home of his companion, who intimated he had a "great curiosity"



Photo by Benn

THE HIGH SCHOOL
Highland Park, Ill.

that might "interest" him. A day came when the Judge recalled his promise, and having time on hand, went to see the old man. He recalled to the mind of the eminent jurist the trial of the counterfeiters, in which he, the Judge, then a young, bright attorney, had a part. Then inviting him to an inner room, in which was a bed, the host turned up one of the mattresses and disclosed to view the engraved plates used in the making of the counterfeit bonds!

"The statute of limitation has expired, Judge," said the old man grimly, "or I would not have dared to show you these, but they are my work. I have never left the county; have had the plates all the time in my possession, and never even changed my name. You lawyers are not so smart, after all!" The Judge acknowledged it with a laugh. He knew, as the counterfeiter had intimated, the case was outlawed.

As in the traditions of other cities along the North Shore the little dun-colored structures had dotted the landscape in Highland Park, even before the platting of the site of St. Johns. Legends of the log cabin period should be cherished, for, after all, is it not the man who blazed the trail, he who came to the wilderness with a "faith all glorious" to make a home for himself and those dear to him, of whom the American poet that is yet to arrive, shall sing? Yes, our *Homer* will come, for the *Iliad* of this Middle West has yet to be written. So let us never forget that "we only hold the comfort within and the peace without by grace of the men of old."

About seventy-seven years ago, a family started in an ox-team from Erie, Pennsylvania, to make a home in the new country north of Chicago, now within the township of Deerfield, and in a straight line on Central Avenue west of the Green Bay Road. The little daughter, now a woman of eighty-six years, still hale and hearty, was held in the arms of her mother for safety as they passed over the corduroy roads. This family settled on one hundred acres of land, where a log cabin was built, and, as in most of these pioneer homes of like structure, it was provided with two doors immediately opposite each other. There was reason for this architectural design.

Wood was the only fuel, and huge logs were used to retain the heat. When the logs were ready a yoke of oxen would be stationed outside the open door opposite the other open door through which the log was to be brought. A chain was fastened to the yoke of oxen and the end trailed across the floor and attached to the log, which had first been drawn into position near the other door. The oxen were now urged into action and the log would be drawn to a place where it might easily be rolled to the hearth.

The child in question grew to young womanhood, and, in the meantime, her brother had become acquainted with a young man about his own age, in Chicago, who had also come from the east to look for opportunity for investment. This young man had been offered four blocks of land in the vicinity of Chicago Avenue for eight hundred dollars! Before coming to any decision he went with his friend to their country home in Deerfield. Here he found he could get eighty acres for eight hundred dollars. Perhaps the bright and interesting sister of his friend had something to do with his decision in favor of

the farm. Be this as it may, it was a case of love at first sight, and in due course Philip Brand married and settled down to his future responsibilities in a home built of logs.

To this couple were born eight children—five sons and three daughters. Of this family, four sons and two daughters survive, all of whom are still living in the township of Deerfield, some of them long time citizens of Highland Park. Soon after her marriage, Mrs. Brand, in the preparation of breakfast reached for the coffee, which was in a small cupboard built against the wall. She felt a sharp sensation of pain in one of her fingers, and quickly withdrawing her hand, in a frightened voice told her husband she had been bitten by a mouse.

The young husband looked at the wound but said nothing. He took a lighted tallow dip and investigated the cupboard. There, coiled on a plate, lay a rattlesnake. After disposing of the same he ran to the nearby neighbors and told them what had happened. They went to his wife, while he—for no one had a horse—ran for a doctor, the nearest being stationed at Dutchman's Point, some twelve miles distant!

The early settlers were more or less familiar with a kind of "first aid" remedy and they administered to the needs of the young wife, binding the arm tightly from wrist to shoulder, and it was the "blood-letting" period of the medical fraternity! However, Mrs. Brand suffered no material injury. She still bears the scar, a memento of those early, anxious days. This story is related to illustrate one of the many dangers to which the log cabin dwellers were subjected. The women required brave hearts and nerves of steel. And in these qualifications the pioneer mothers of the North Shore were not found wanting.

In 1872-3, the southern half of the city of Highland Park was put into the hands of Cleveland and French, landscape architects, to plan toward an evolution of highways and byways that should be artistic as well as practicable, for the promoters of the project had long since resolved that the city should be devoted to the fostering of country homes. For assurance that the projectors and landscape architects succeeded in their individual parts, it is only necessary to take just a glimpse at the Highland Park of today. The French, named in this partnership is no less a personage than W. M. R. French, whose name figures large in the evolution of the Art Institute of Chicago, and who for many years has been its able director. Mr. French had graduated from Harvard in 1864, practicing civil engineering and landscape gardening for seven years before he, as a member of the firm named, sought to untangle the forest-bound and ravine-gashed site of Highland Park. The highways, no matter how much they trend in waving beauty toward and over the wooded ravines which are bridged, find their final outlet to one main leading street bounded by the railroad.

Highland Park has always been a city of good roads. The writer recalls these roads some twenty-five years ago. They were a delight in driving, even then. Today they are simply magnificent. The beautiful spirit manifested by this burgh in their careful thought of the stranger within their gates—each street being clearly defined by name which is printed on neat guide posts at street intersections—is

only equalled by their generous home hospitality. To visit Highland Park is to be brought within an atmosphere of old-time hospitality, coupled with a modern up-to-dateness that is simply enchanting. It is the blending of the true and the beautiful in life, this rare combination of refining influences that has ever made Highland Park a desirable home city.

In entering Highland Park, the Sheridan Road takes its way through Ravinia on its southern border, in close proximity to the Lake, where one may still find superb acreages for those desiring the water front. Just east of the magnificent Ravinia Park, and at this outlet's intersection with the Sheridan Road, is a tableland of something less than twenty acres, rising eighty feet above the Lake, and belted with timber. The bluffs at this particular point have assumed corrugations that suggest sculptor's chisel. On the plateau above and within shelter of the timber, once stood a log cabin—the home of the settler who cleared and farmed the land in the long ago. Except the clearing there is nothing to suggest the home, that once commanded an expansive view of the Lake. But a pathetic little legend is associated with the spot. There was a well dug here and excellent water obtained, but the two young children of the tiller of the soil, met their death by falling into the well. This fair acreage, lifting in lovely contour from the Lake, with all its woodland sweetness and charm, awaits the coming of the builder of a country seat, for this is its destiny. (Illustrations page 62.)

Highland Park, as most of the North Shore communities, found its most prosperous development in home-building, east of the railroad and in the immediate vicinity of the Lake. And like all these communities, too, it has but recently awakened to the fact, that west of this boundary line, and at an altitude of from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty feet above the Lake, lies a most fair land of promise, and whether she recognizes it, the fact remains, that Highland Park between the county line and, perhaps, a little to the north of the Exmoor Golf Grounds on the Green Bay Road, has the richest and finest bit of the Skokie Valley of any other city in its historic vicinity. The writer, who has known this section, and who has tramped over it, from Evanston to and including Lake Forest, for years, knows whereof she writes. "Upland, Vale and Grove, Seen from a Highway of Historic Import," was the thought born of this inspiration from the Green Bay Road and the beautiful Valley of the Skokie, seen in the vicinity of Highland Park.

"Skokie?" The Indian for "marsh," says one; "bad squaw," in the same language, says another. But have you seen the Skokie after a dry Summer and Fall? If you have you will know that the Indian named it rightly when he gave to it the designation of "Waub-Skokie," meaning "land fire." Its wonderful peat beds have almost been consumed since the Indian so designated it. Observing its red, steady glow creeping sinuously over the earth, and upland and grove bathed in ruddy phantasmagoria, he was awed into reverent mood, and among all his gods, that of "Waub-Skokie," the "land-fire" manitou, became associated with a mysticism which he could not probe.

At an early period of the settlement of Lake County log cabins



THE BLUFFS EAST OF RAVINIA PARK



PLATEAU ON BLUFFS EAST OF RAVINIA PARK

were dotted here and yon along the Green Bay Road in the vicinity in question. These gradually gave place to structures of frame and of brick, the present Stipe homestead being the pioneer in the latter material. A Catholic Mission church, "St. Mary's in the Woods," was here in 1846, intimating there were settlers in that vicinity of the faith represented. And how far they traveled, the majority of the members of this congregation, in order to attend mass and receive that spiritual comfort from which their sojourn in the wilderness had seemed to deprive them! This little log church was not in any way associated with Marquette's missions, as has been erroneously taught and accepted. Neither Marquette nor his immediate followers were in this neighborhood. He was a missionary of the Jesuit Order, and it was the same religious Order that promulgated the setting up of the little log church by the side of the old Indian trail—converted into a military road in 1835—and the same Order that devised its second use as a schoolhouse during the week day. This can only be the chain of circumstances connecting it with the name of the good Father Marquette.

Today, a country home occupies the site of the burial ground that was attached to the little log mission church, while the immediate site of the latter is in the southeast corner of the charming lawn and garden fronting the old-time trail. How quickly historic landmarks disappear! And who would recognize this particular vicinity, not having seen it in many years? The old is little blended with the new, for the finely cultivated farmlands, and the extensive stock farms have disappeared. While the highway itself is macadamed and has a top dressing which precludes dust, and along its smooth surface speed the automobiles, where but yesterday wearily plodded the ox-cart.

This is a vicinity of large acreages—the ideal site for country seats—and here they are coming as fast as appreciation of the locality is accepted. From off the old trail, trend eastward the most charmingly macadamed, curving highways. The lay of the land is undulating and crested with tree growth of more or less interest, while adown the highways trending westward are glimpses of the valley beyond. The little red schoolhouse that stood on the hill, and which became a landmark at the corner of Roger Williams Avenue on the Green Bay Road, has passed away. It is superseded by a noble structure on the corner of Lincoln Avenue, in the midst of delightful parkways, and commanding a view of the charming valley.

Near the county line the tourist is confronted by suggestions of yesterday, in the form of farmhouses. The west entrance to Ravinia Park is at this point. Yonder, overlooking the valley, is a frame house which superseded the log cabin of one of the early settlers. Four generations of the same family have trodden these byways of the past and are now far afield in every other occupation but farming. The representative of the second generation is a hail and hearty man. He attended school in "St. Mary's in the Woods;" he also recalls memories of the soldiers passing over the Green Bay Road while on their way to or from Green Bay, Wisconsin, and Chicago. Mr. Hesler has kept pace with the times. He has not given any attention to

farming for years. His winters are spent in California or some other congenial clime, while he returns to the "old farm" in summer as a matter of sentiment, and here come his bonnie grandchildren from some distant part of the state to spend their vacation, to climb the trees which their great-grandfather planted, and slide from the roofs of the unused buildings which "grandpa" erected in the long ago.

The women of Highland Park, organized into various clubs, are very active in all that makes for a city healthful and beautiful. The public park on the Lake front, is left in as natural a state as possible, and on the broad sandy beach at the foot of the bluff on Central Avenue, is a children's playground, equipped with every gymnastic and aquatic device for the pleasure of the young folks. On a hot day this summer the writer was amused for the best part of an hour watching the youngsters launching a raft, the water part of the playground being bounded eastward by a net-guard, to prevent the too adventurous spirits from effectively playing "Columbus" or "Robinson Crusoe."

The Exmoor Country Club is located in the picturesque Valley of the Skokie. No more ideal environment can be conceived for a golf course, with its lovely emerald-hued uplands and woodlands holding within their tremulous distances an atmosphere that is invigorating and inspiring. Schools and churches and a public library, aids to a city set apart as Highland Park is, for all that is best in home-building, impress the visitor with the fact that guardian spirits are watching over the welfare of this lovely North Shore city.



Photo by Bemm

ROGER WILLIAMS AVENUE, RAVINIA, ILL.



Photo by Benim

GOLF LINKS AT EXMOOR COUNTRY CLUB



Photo by Benn

"LINDENWOLD"
HOME OF EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D.,
520 North Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Benin

"LAKE KARL" (Lindenwold)
Edmond R. Moras, M.D., Highland Park, Ill.



ONE OF THE ROOMS IN "LINDENWOLD"
Home of Edmund R. Morris, M. D., Highland Park, Ill.

Photo by Bernan



Photo by Benin

DINING ROOM AT "LINDENWOLD"
Home of Edmond R. Moras, M. D., Highland Park, Ill.



HOME OF MR. MARSHALL S. MARSH
521 Belle Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.

Photo by Benn



Photo by Benm

"VERDE VISTA"
HOME OF MR. CLARENCE HOLMES THAYER
Orchard Lane and Montgomery Road, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemun

HOME OF MR. STEPHEN HARRIS HARRINGTON (West Front)
Belle Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Benim

HOME OF MR. STEPHEN HARRIS HARRINGTON
(East Front, Overlooking Lake Michigan)
Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Benn

"SYLVAN DELLS"
HOME OF MR. HENRY BERTRANDE CLARKE
Central Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Benn

PORCH PARLOR AT "SYLVAN DELLS"
HOME OF MR. HENRY BERTRANDIE CLARKE
Highland Park Ill.

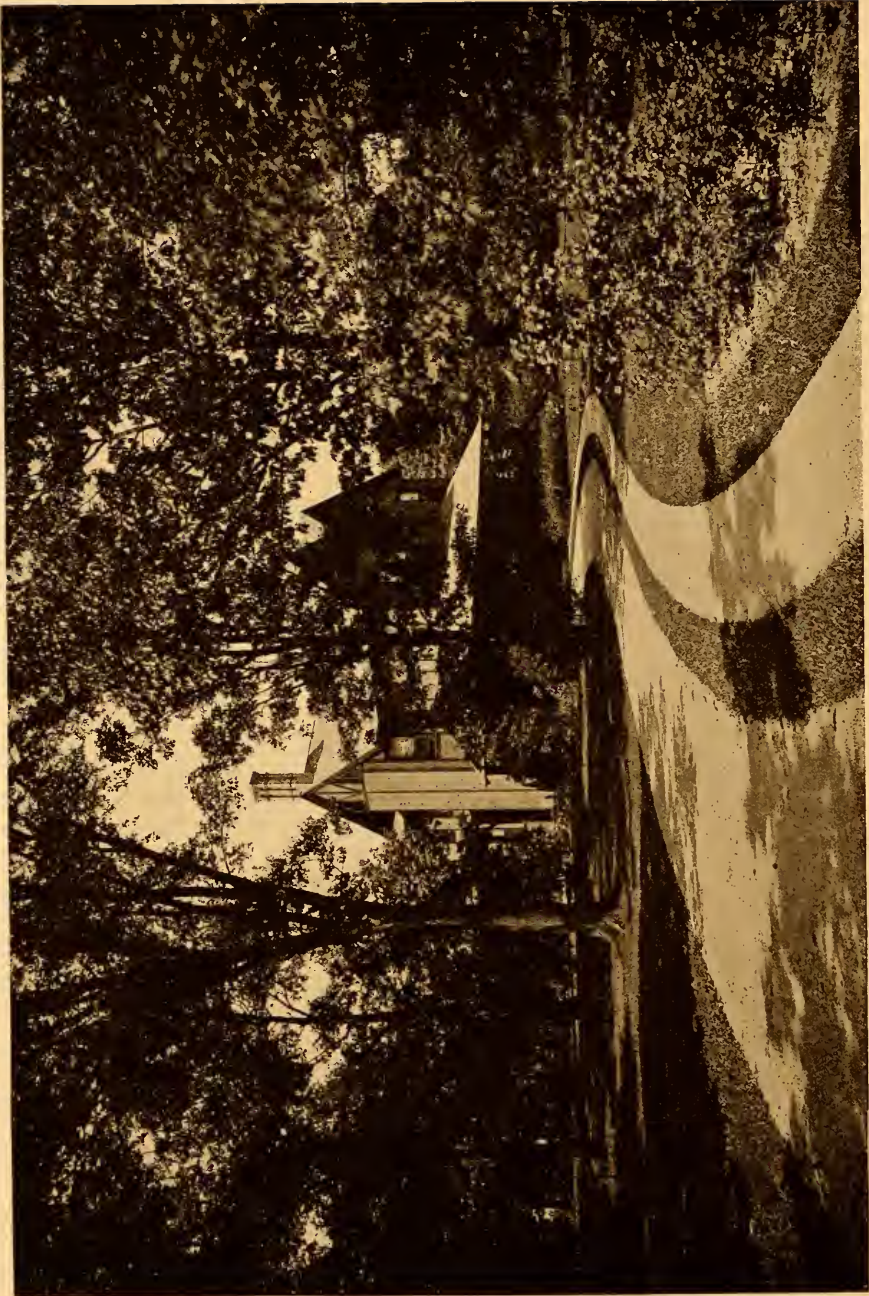


Photo by Benin

"TWIN ELMS"
HOME OF MR. HENRY J. THAYER
Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. THOMAS CLEMENTS
Central Avenue and Lake Park Place, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Hemm

"HAZEL-CREST"
HOME OF MR. BENJAMIN F. DEMUTH
Highland Park, Ill.

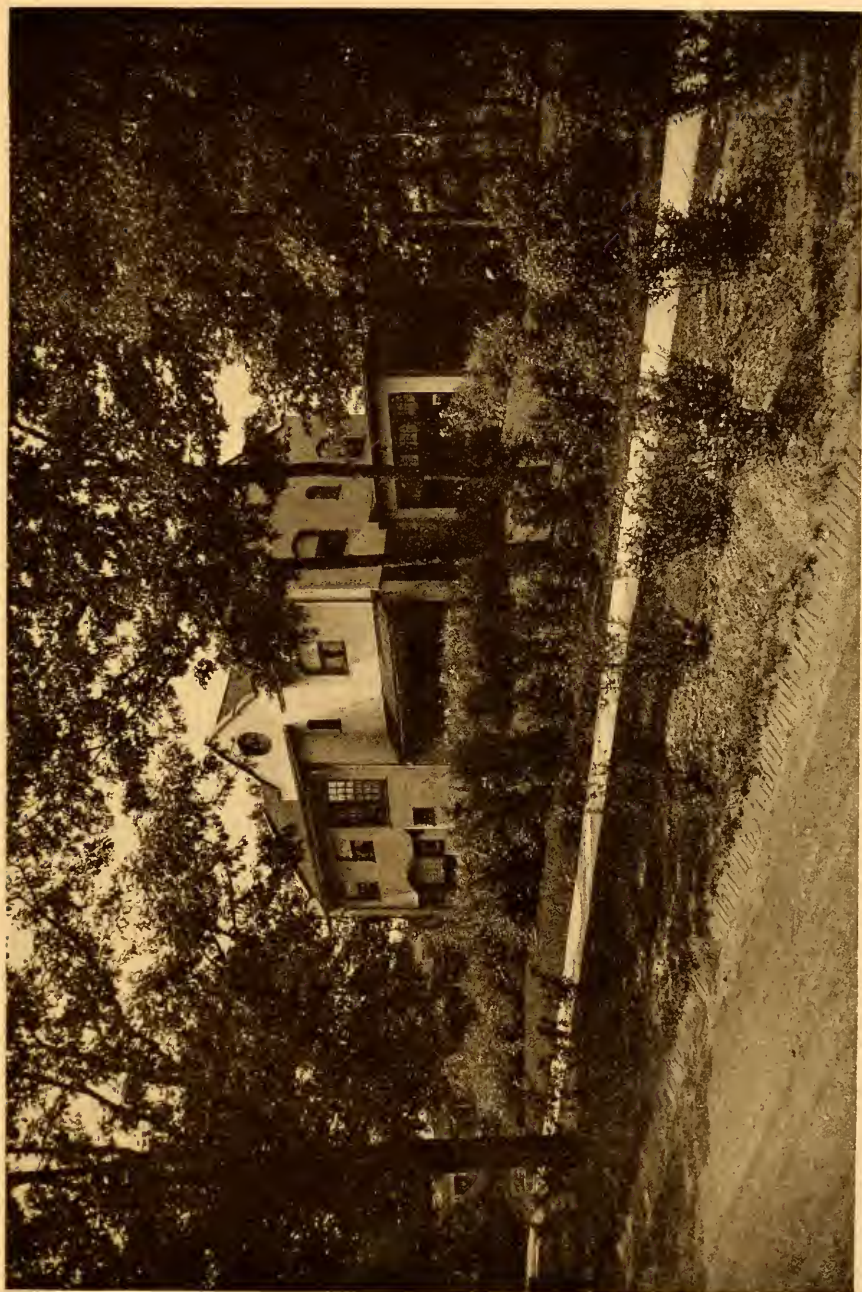


Photo by Benn

HOME OF MR. E. B. METZEL
235 Central Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemis

HOME OF MR. FRANK L. WEAN
Northwest Corner Ravine and Forest Avenues, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Benin

HOME OF MR. C. F. MATHER SMITH
636 Circle Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Berna

"OAKHURST"
HOME OF MR. J. B. TERBELL
240 Prospect Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. E. TYNER
436 Prospect Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Beinn

"BOBOLINK KNOLLS" (West Front)
HOME OF MR. LUCIAN M. WILLIAMS
Green Bay Road, Highland Park, Ill.

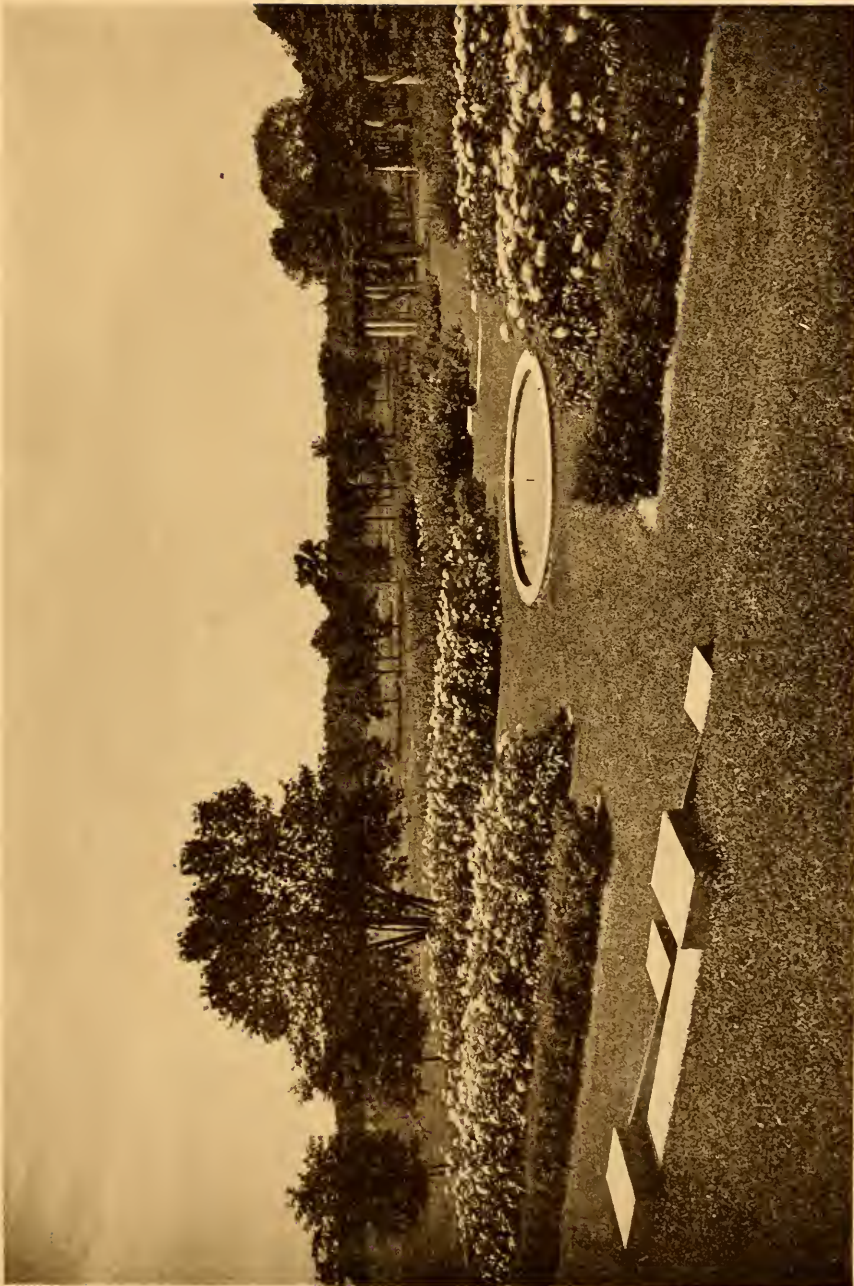


Photo by Benn

THE FORMAL GARDEN AND PERGOLA AT "BOBOLINK KNOLLS."
Green Bay Road, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

"BOBOLINK KNOLLS" (East Front)
HOME OF MR. LUCIAN M. WILLIAMS
Green Bay Road, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

"THE SKOKIE GLIMMERS AS A THREAD OF SILVER INGENUOUSLY WROUGHT INTO A BIT OF TAPESTRY"
(From "Upland, Vale and Grove")

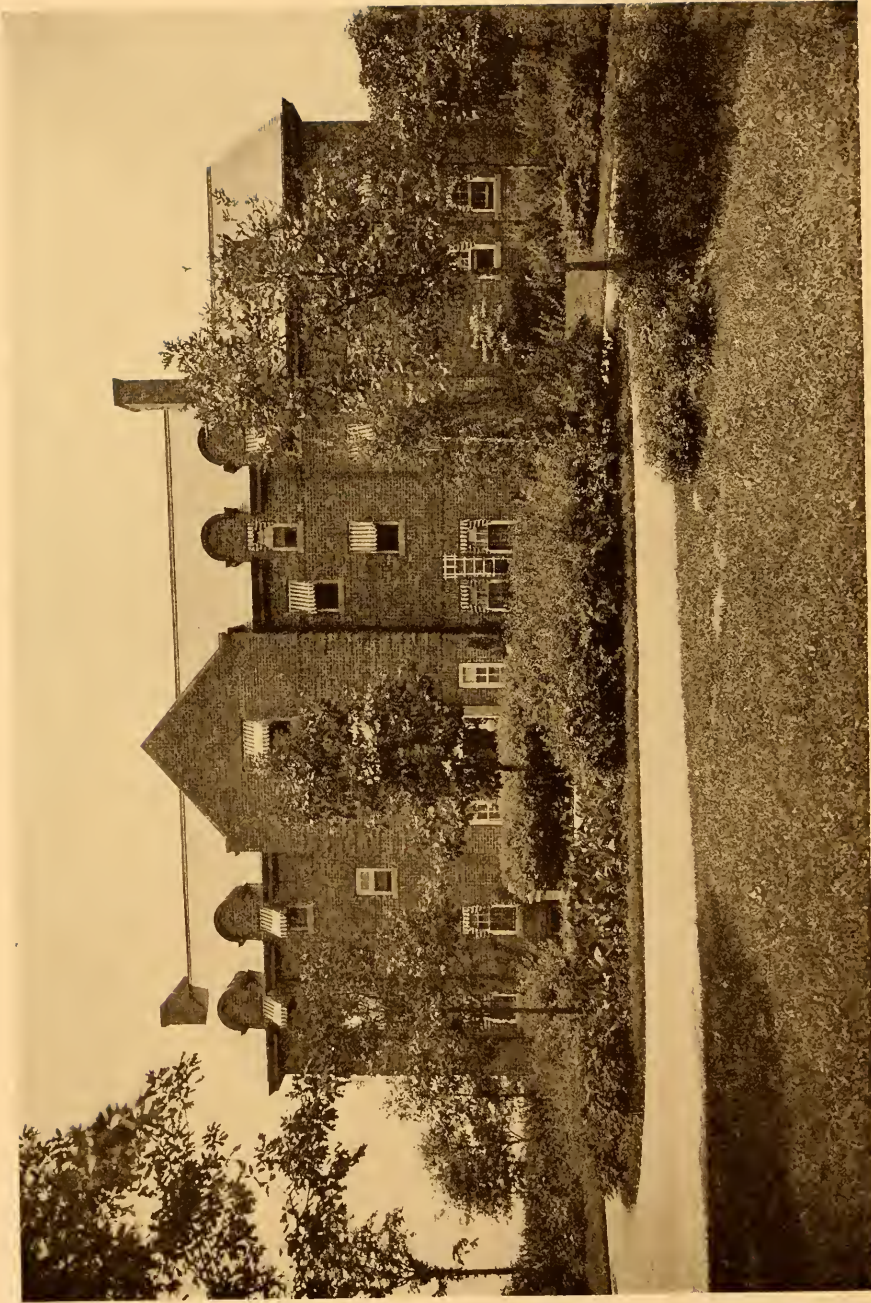


Photo by Beaman

"RIDGEWOOD" (East Front)
Green Bay Road, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

"RIDGEWOOD" (West Front)
Green Bay Road, Highland Park, Ill.



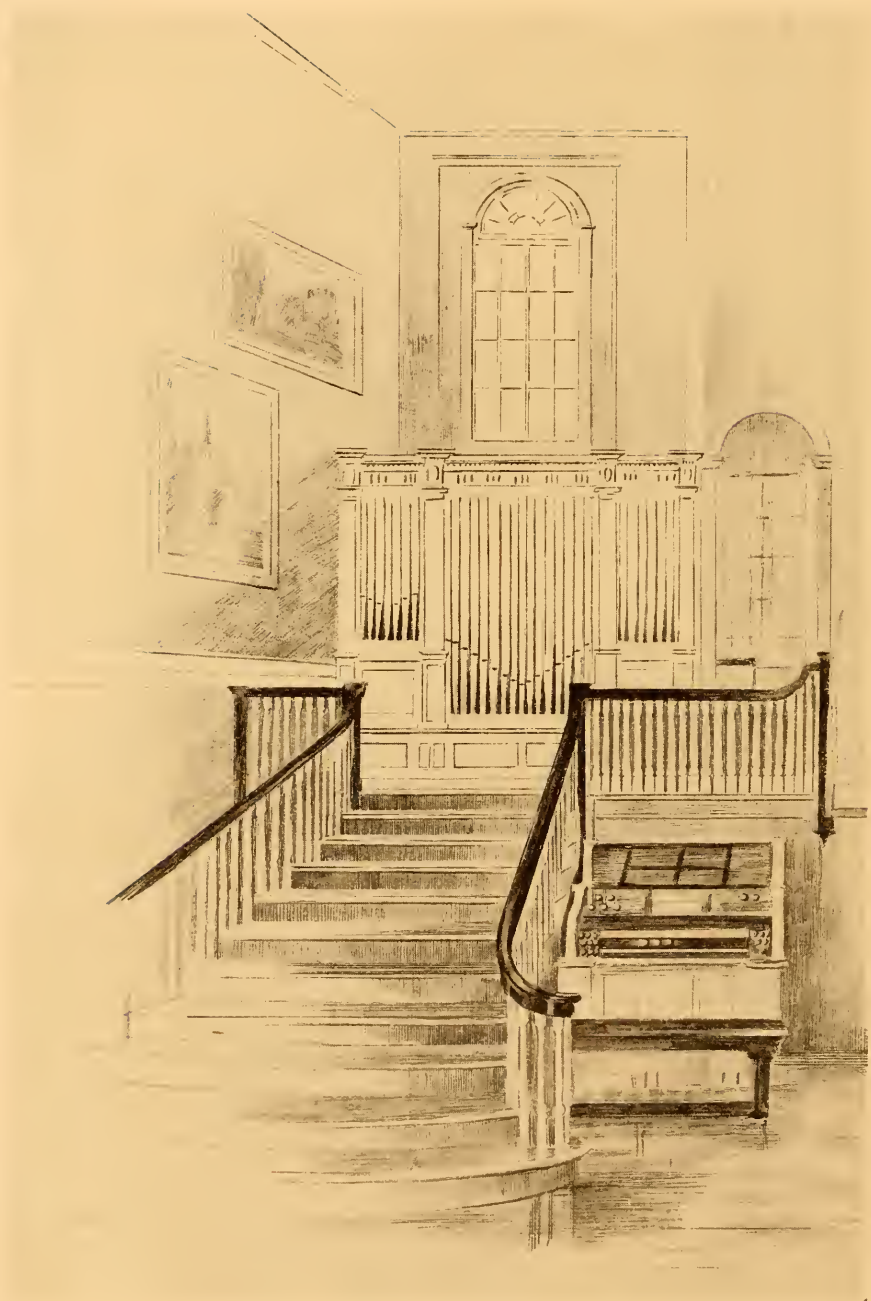
Photo by Benn

THE LIBRARY AT "RIDGEWOOD"
Green Bay Road, Highland Park, Ill.



THE RECEPTION ROOM AT "RIDGEWOOD"
Green Bay Road, Highland Park, Ill.

Photo by Bemm



THE ORGAN AND STAIRCASE AT "RIDGEWOOD"
(Built by owner)

Green Bay Road, Highland Park, Ill.
From a Pencil Drawing by Miss I. M. Kimball

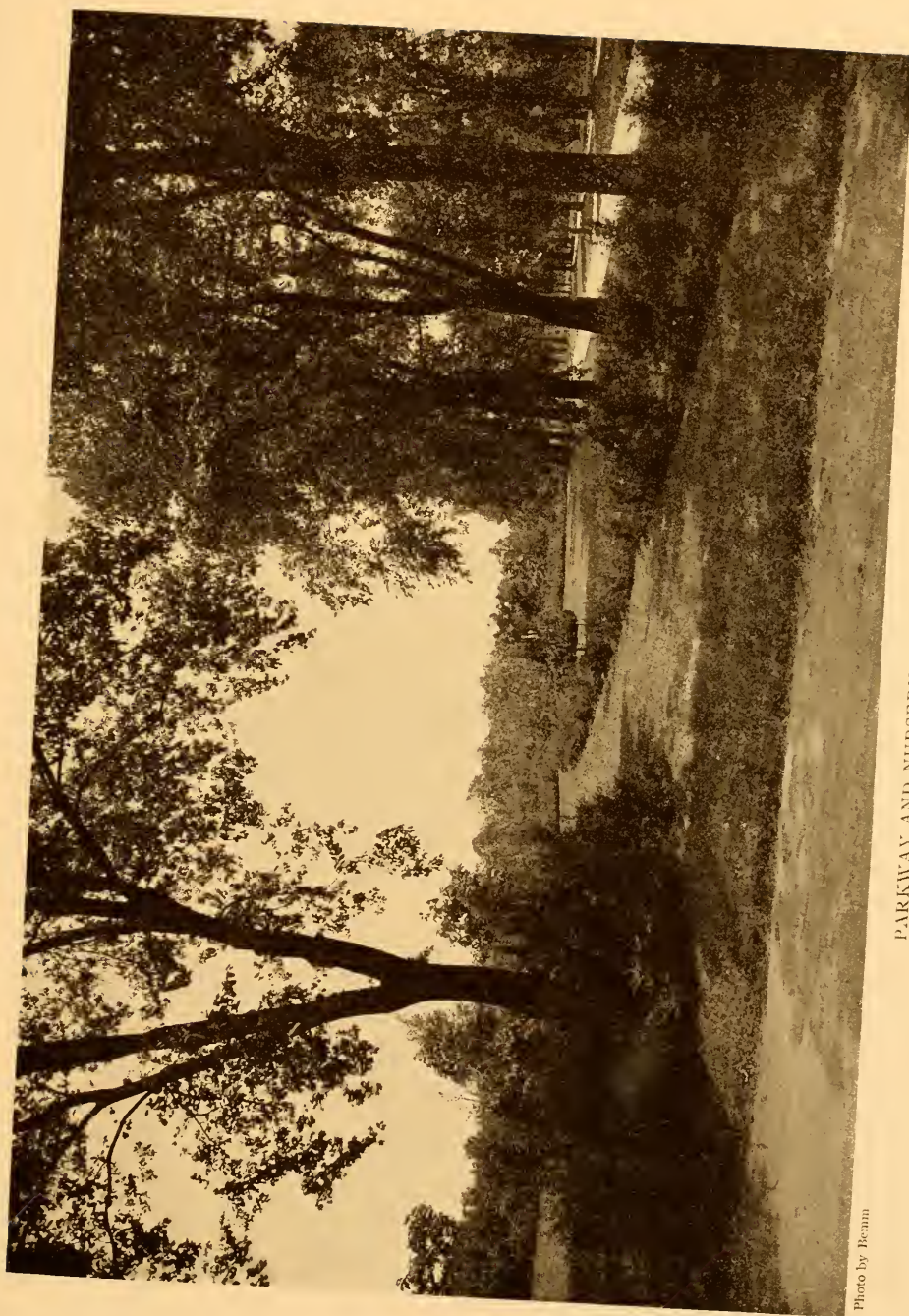


Photo by Beinn

PARKWAY AND NURSERY OF MR. FRITZ BAHR
Green Bay Road and Lincoln Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



"HYRSTCOTE"
HOME OF MR. WALTER C. HATELY
Highland Park, Ill.

Photo by Benni



Photo by Benm

POND AND RUSTIC BRIDGE AT "HYRSTCOTE"
Home of Mr. Walter C. Hatley, Highland Park, Ill.



"MIRALAGO"
HOME OF MR. GEORGE P. EVERHART
1050 Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill.

Photo by Braun

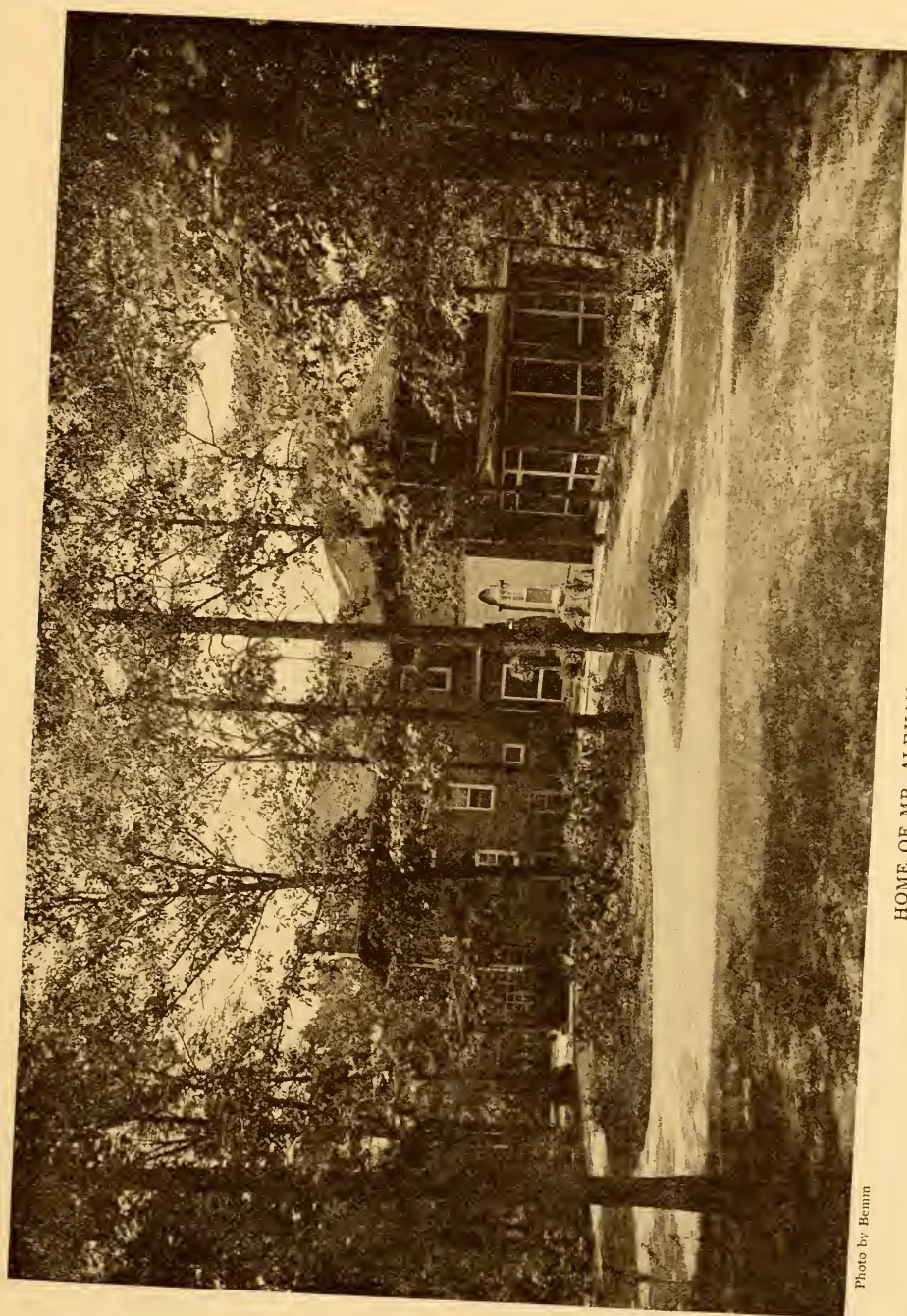


Photo by Beinn

HOME OF MR. ALEXANDER R. CARQUEVILLE
516 Hazel Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.

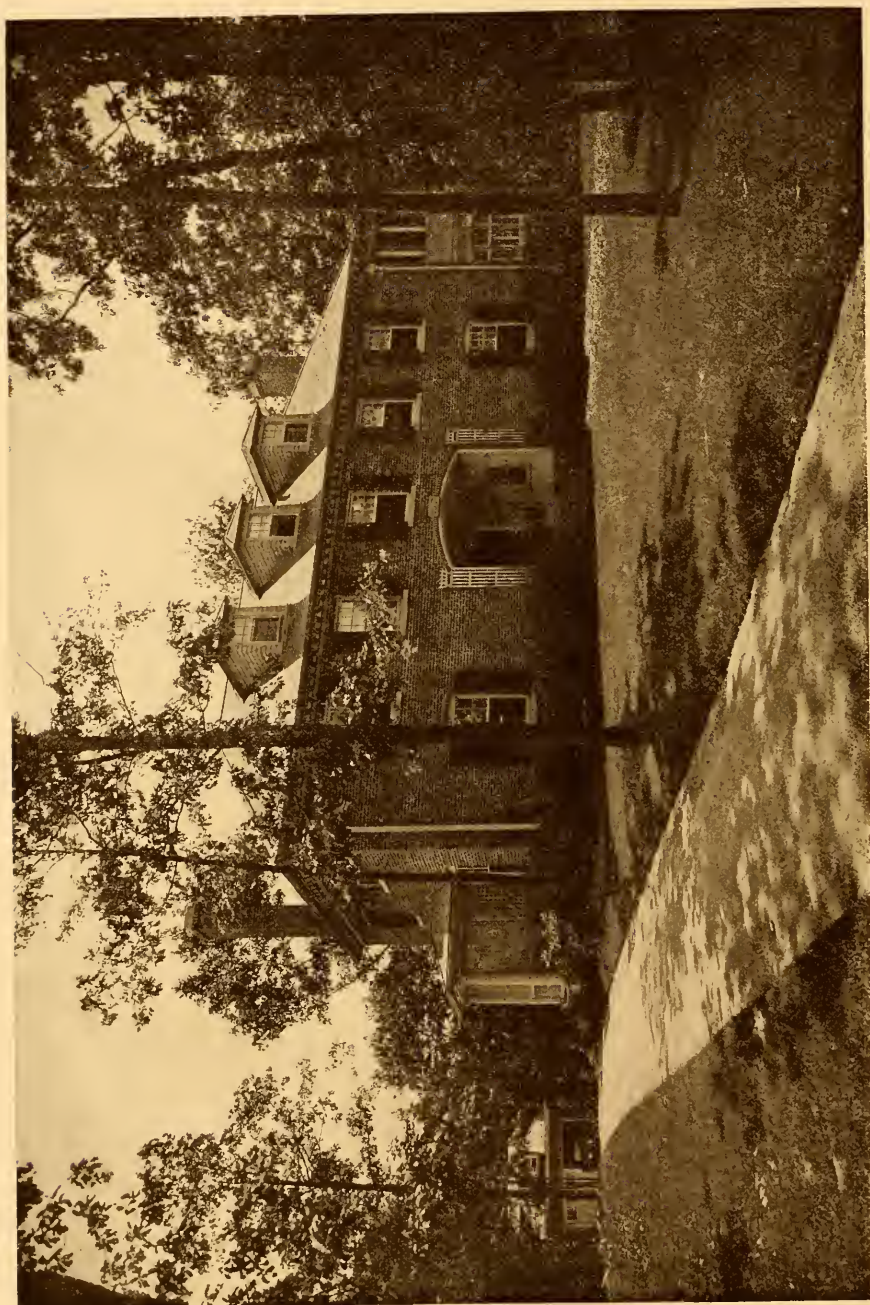


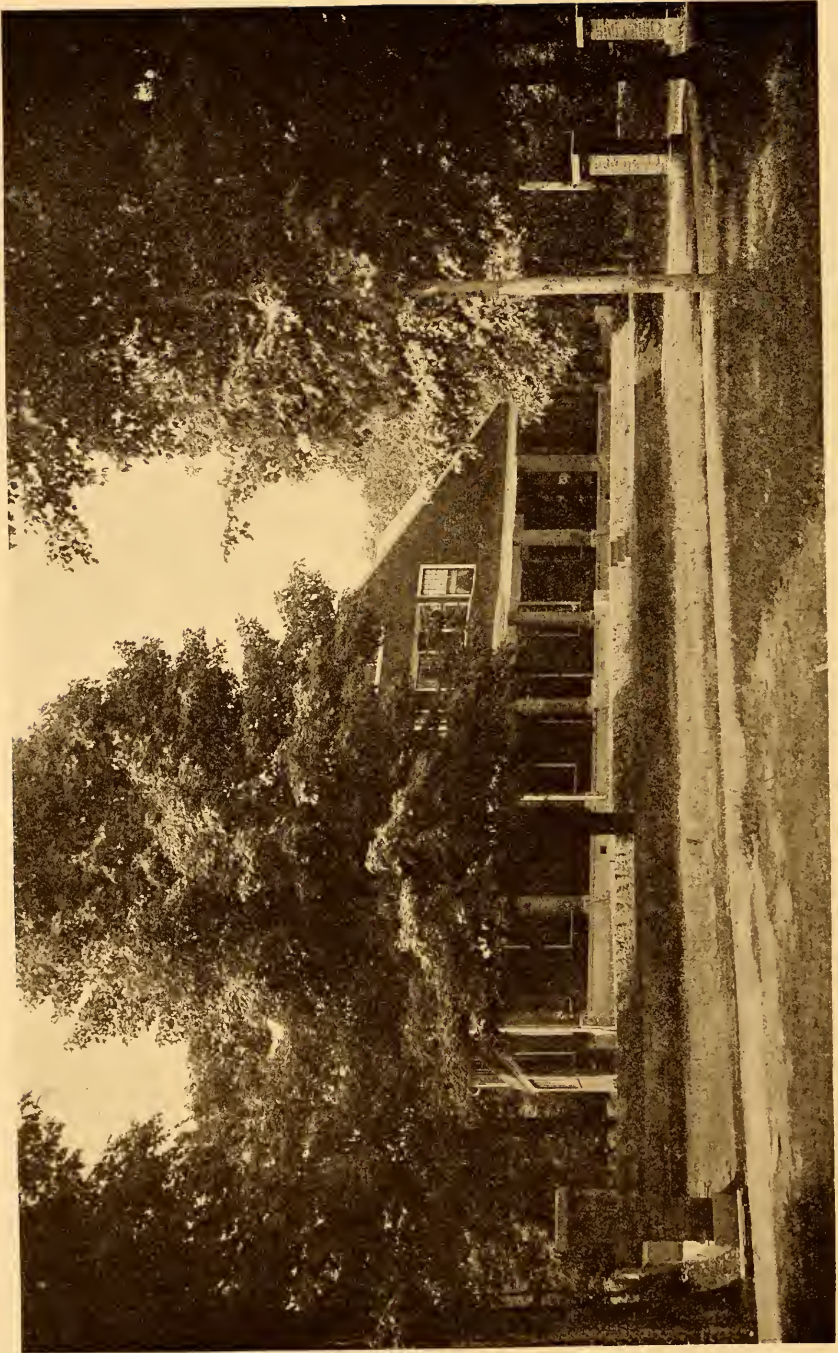
Photo by Berrin

"VILLA ENSOR" (North Front)
HOME OF THE HON. CHARLES F. FISHBACK
Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemis

"VILLA ENSOR" (South Front)
HOME OF THE HON. CHARLES F. FISHBACK
Highland Park, Ill.



HOME OF MR. GEORGE W. ROBERTS
912 South Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill.

Photo by Bemm

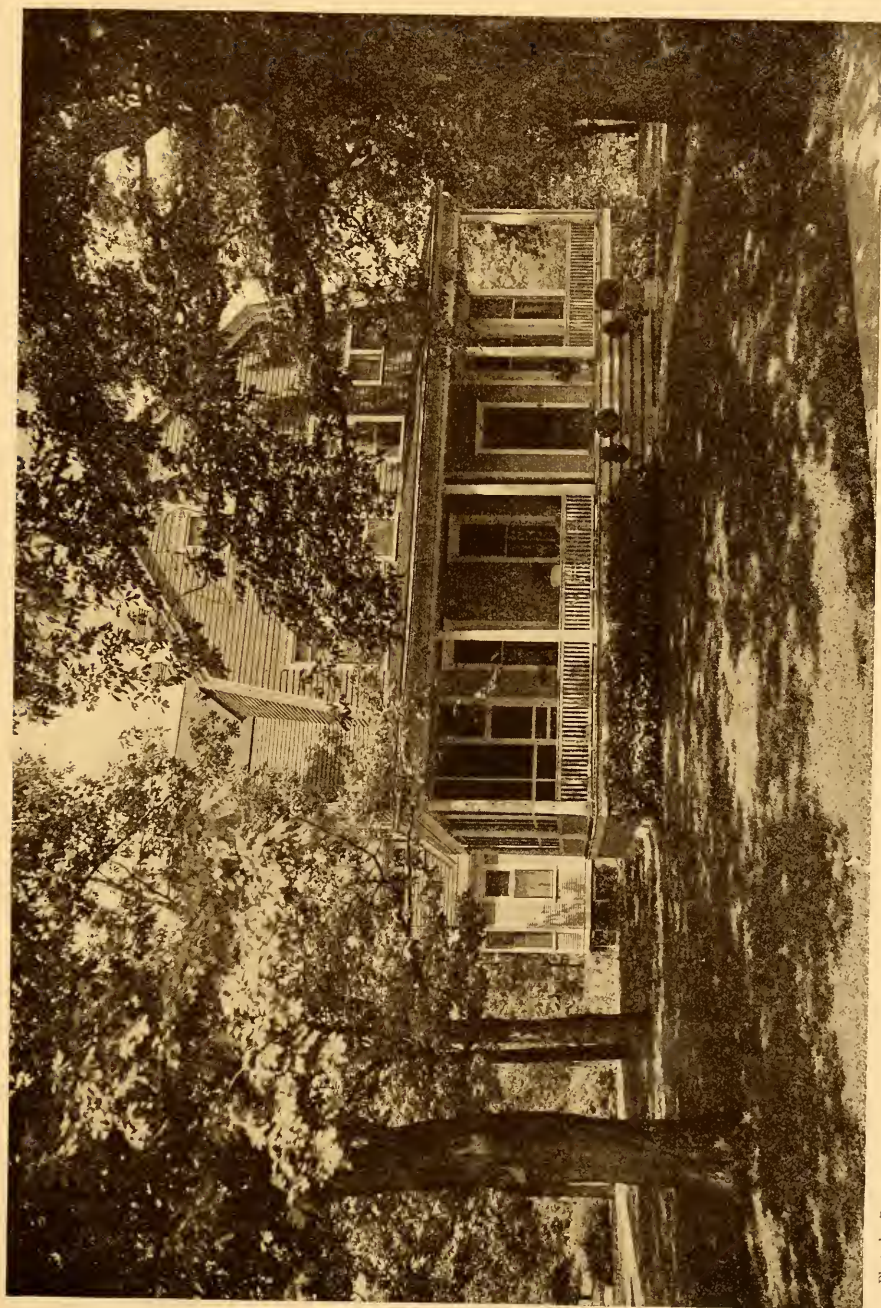


Photo by Benn

HOME OF MR. ELIAS M. WATKINS
407 Laurel Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. R. J. BEATTY
535 South Sheridan Road Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

"BRENTWOOD"
Home of Miss Grace Glidden
Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. WALTER WARDROP
815 Lincoln Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.

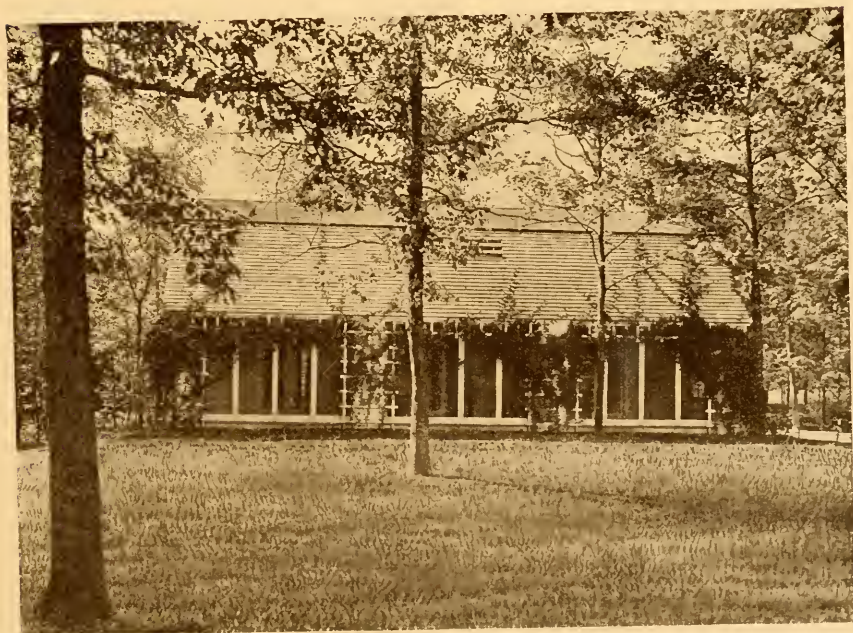


Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. ROBERT SEYFARTH
South Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill.



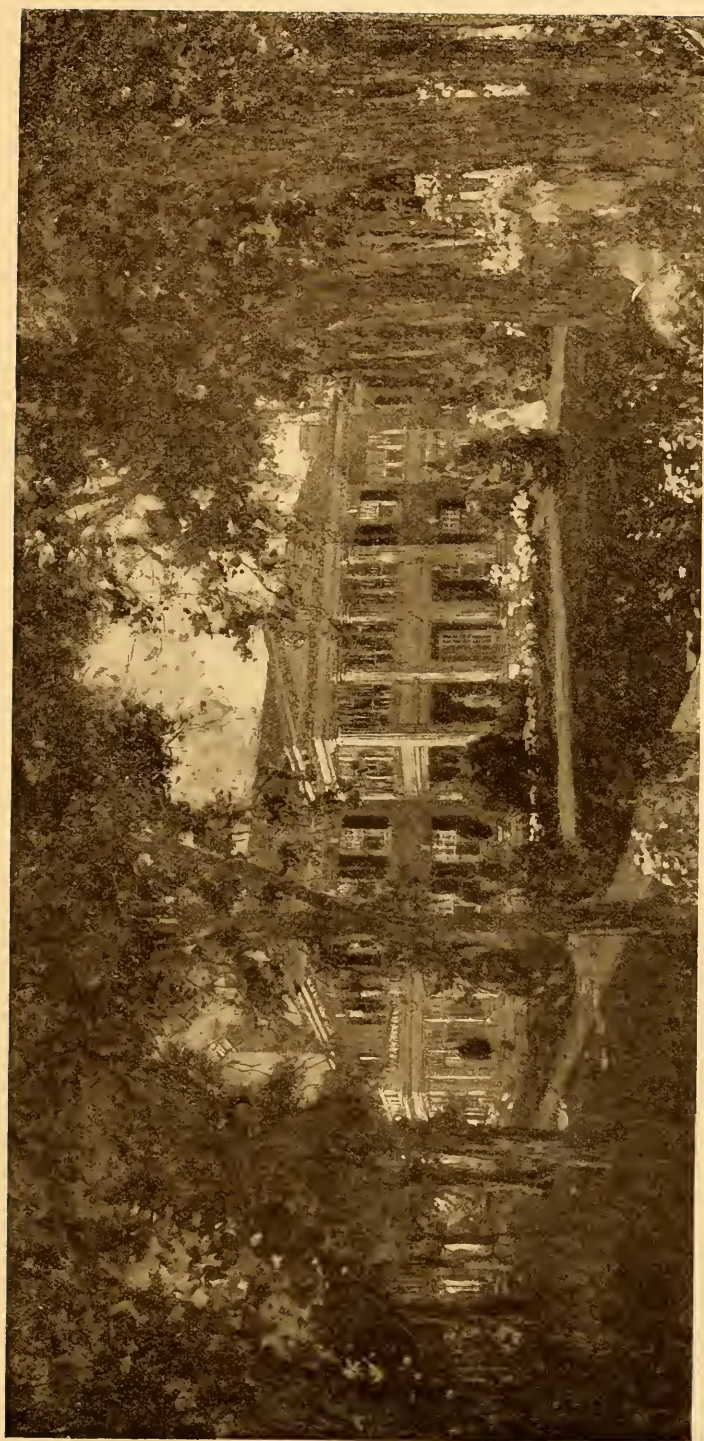
Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MRS. MAUD HOLBROOK SHANNON
116 Moraine Road, Highland Park, Ill.

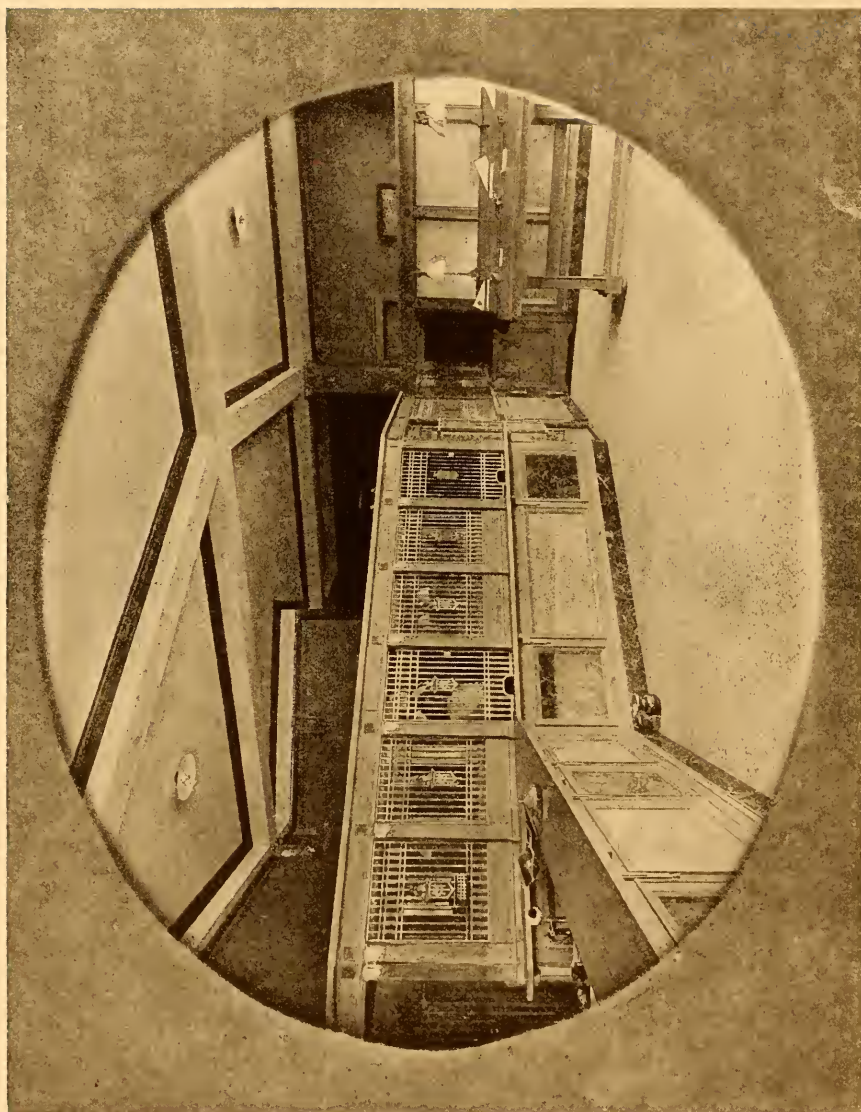


Photo by Bemm

"BOSCOBEL"
HOME OF THE MISSES IRWIN AND MRS. H. R. RITCHIE
222 Maple Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



HOME OF MR. JOHN F. L. CURTIS
Foot of Prospect Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.
(From a drawing by Horatio R. Wilson & Co., Architects)



INTERIOR NORTH SHORE TRUST COMPANY BANK
Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. FRITZ BAHR
Laurel Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

"TIMBERTOP"
HOME OF MR. GEORGE C. EBELING
Ravinia, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. BURT J. FITZGERALD
868 Lincoln Avenue, Highland Park, Ill.



Patton & Miller, Architects

THE NEW UNION CHURCH
Glencoe, Ill.



Photo by Baum

HOME OF MR. F. E. COMPTON
Grove Street, Glencoe, Ill.



Photo by Benni

HOME OF MR. ALF WASHINGTON
Glencoe, Ill.

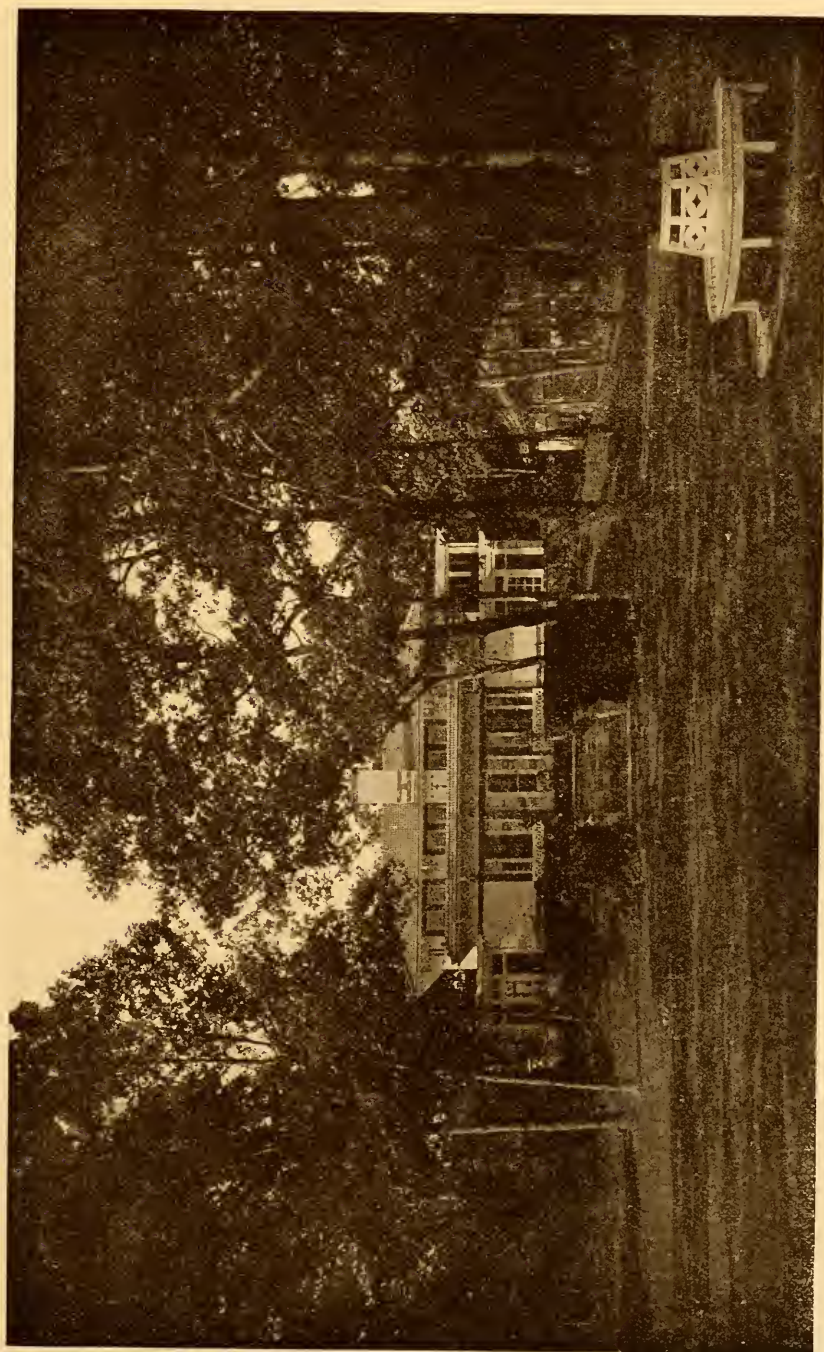


Photo by Berra

"THE STRAND"
HOME OF MR. OSCAR G. FOREMAN
Glencoe, Ill.



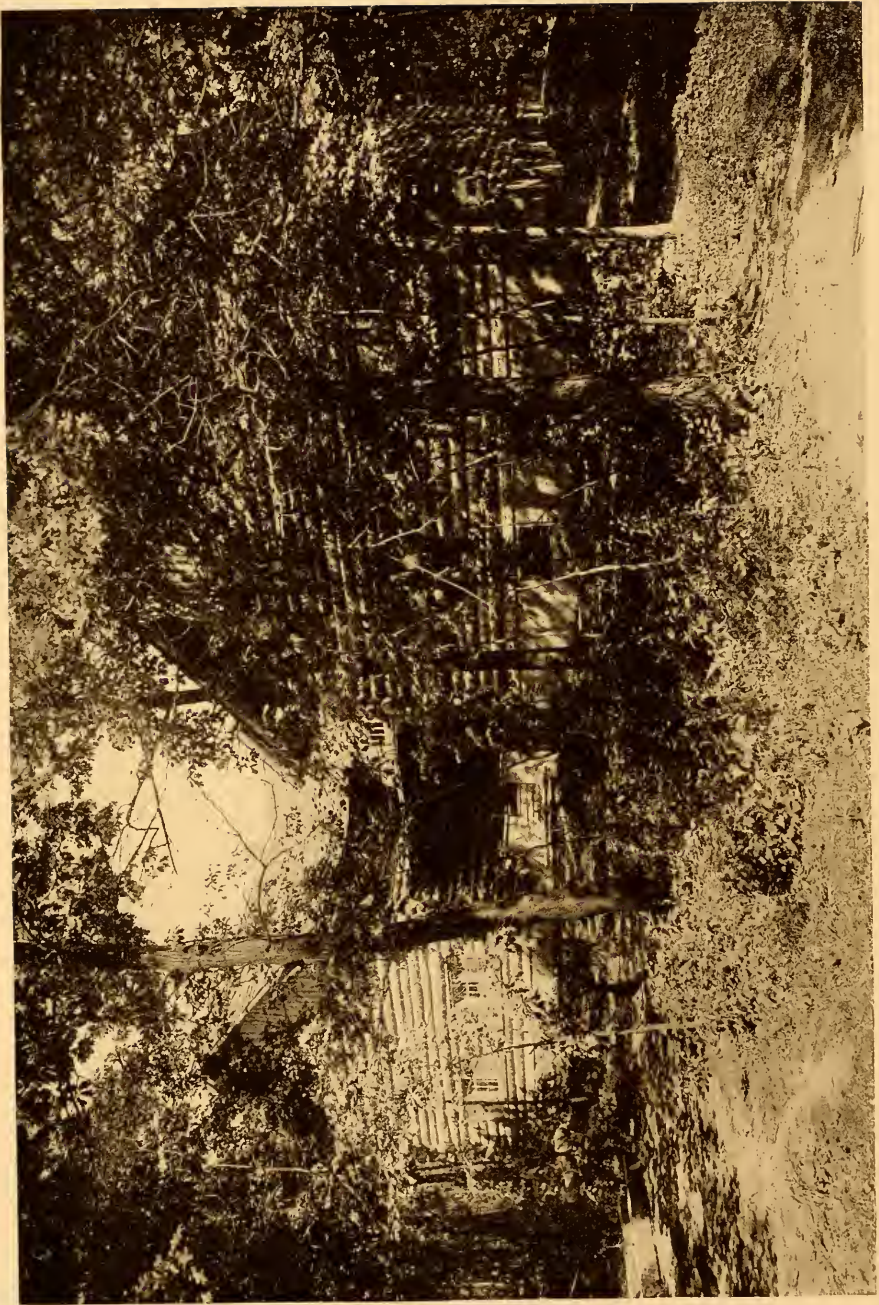
Photo by Fuermann

HOME OF MR. JOHN H. HARDIN (West Front)
Hubbard Woods, Ill.



Photo by Fuermann

HOME OF MR. JOHN H. HARDIN
(East Front and Garden, overlooking Lake Michigan)
Hubbard Woods, Ill.



"THE LOG STUDIO"
HOME OF ADAM EMORY ALBRIGHT
Hubbard Woods, Ill.

Photo by Benn

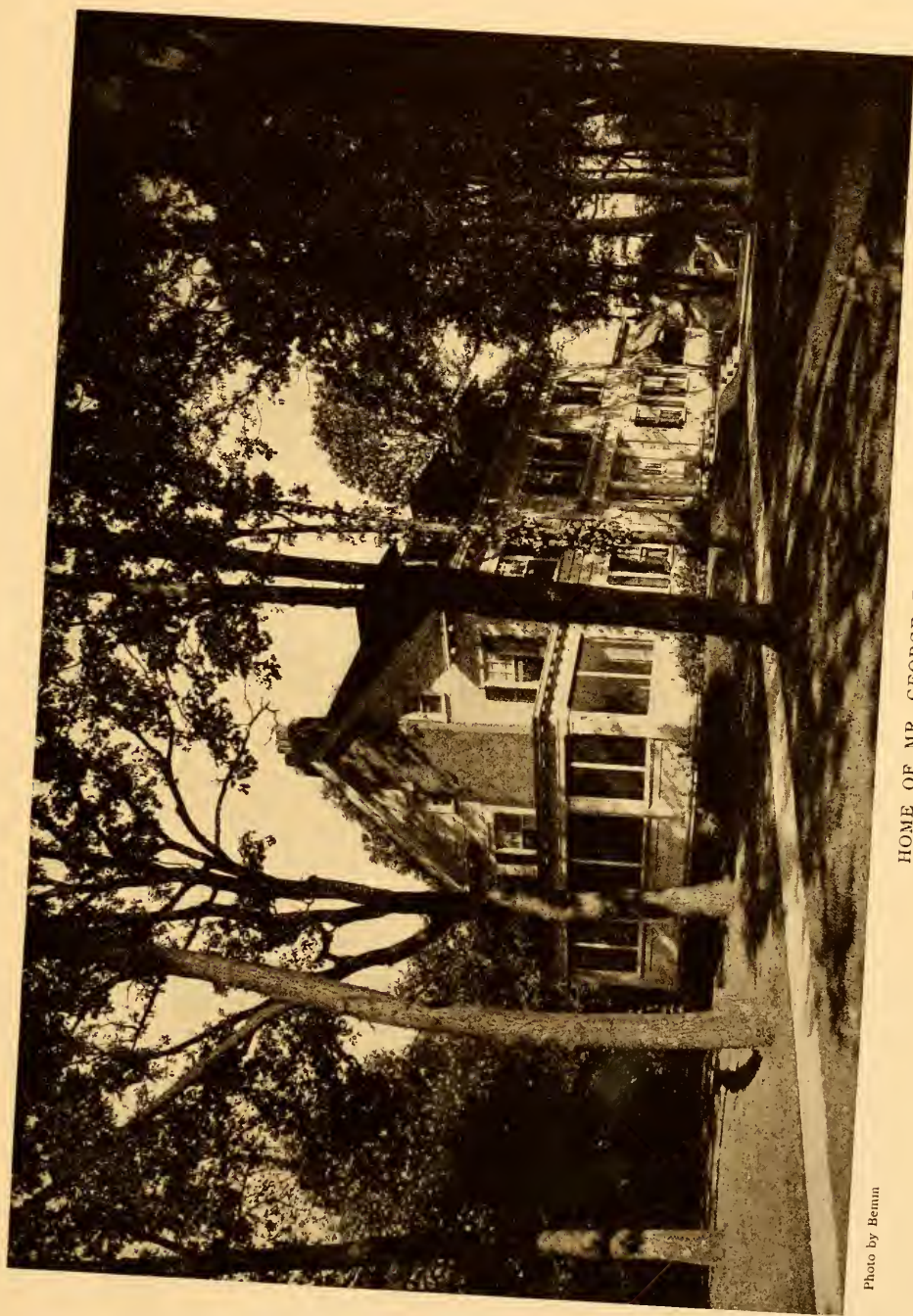


Photo by Bennet

HOME OF MR. GEORGE T. DYER
1010 Chestnut Avenue, Wilmette, Ill.



Courtesy McGuire & Orr

OUILMETTE COUNTRY CLUB
Wilmette, Ill.

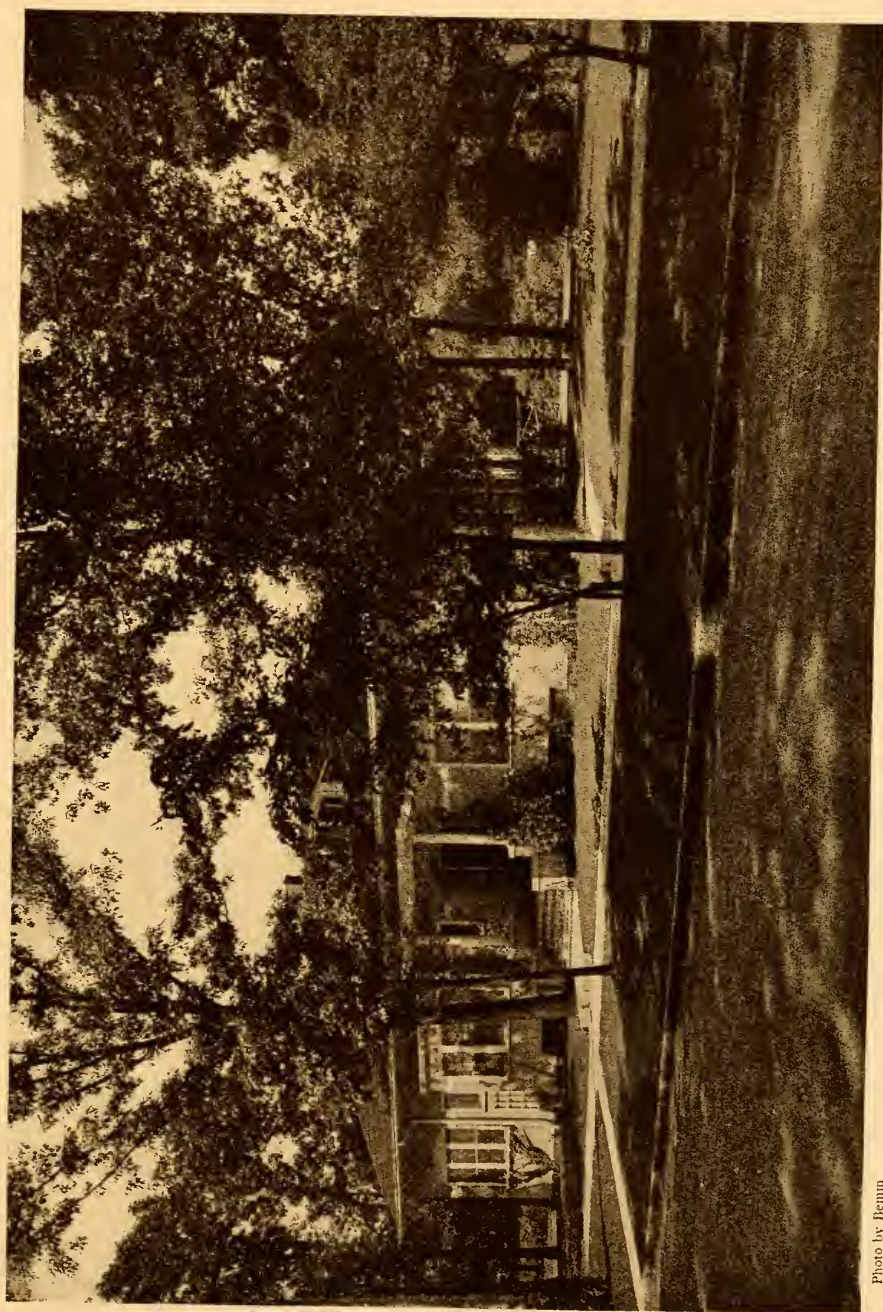


Photo by Benim

BUNGALOW OF MR. CHARLES J. ROBERTS
2444 Hartrey Avenue, Evanston, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. C. P. WHITNEY
1637 Judson Avenue, Evanston, Ill.



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. FRED KAEMPPER
7400 North Ashland Avenue, Birchwood, Chicago



Photo by Remm

BUNGALOW OF MR. JULES N. RAYMOND
1328 Sherwin Avenue, Birchwood, Chicago



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. HARRY E. ALEXANDER
1419 Bryan Avenue, Birchwood, Chicago



Photo by Benni

LIVING ROOM, HOME OF MR. HARRY E. ALEXANDER
1419 Bryan Avenue, Birchwood, Chicago



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. BENJAMIN A. SQUIRE
1549 Kenilworth Avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago

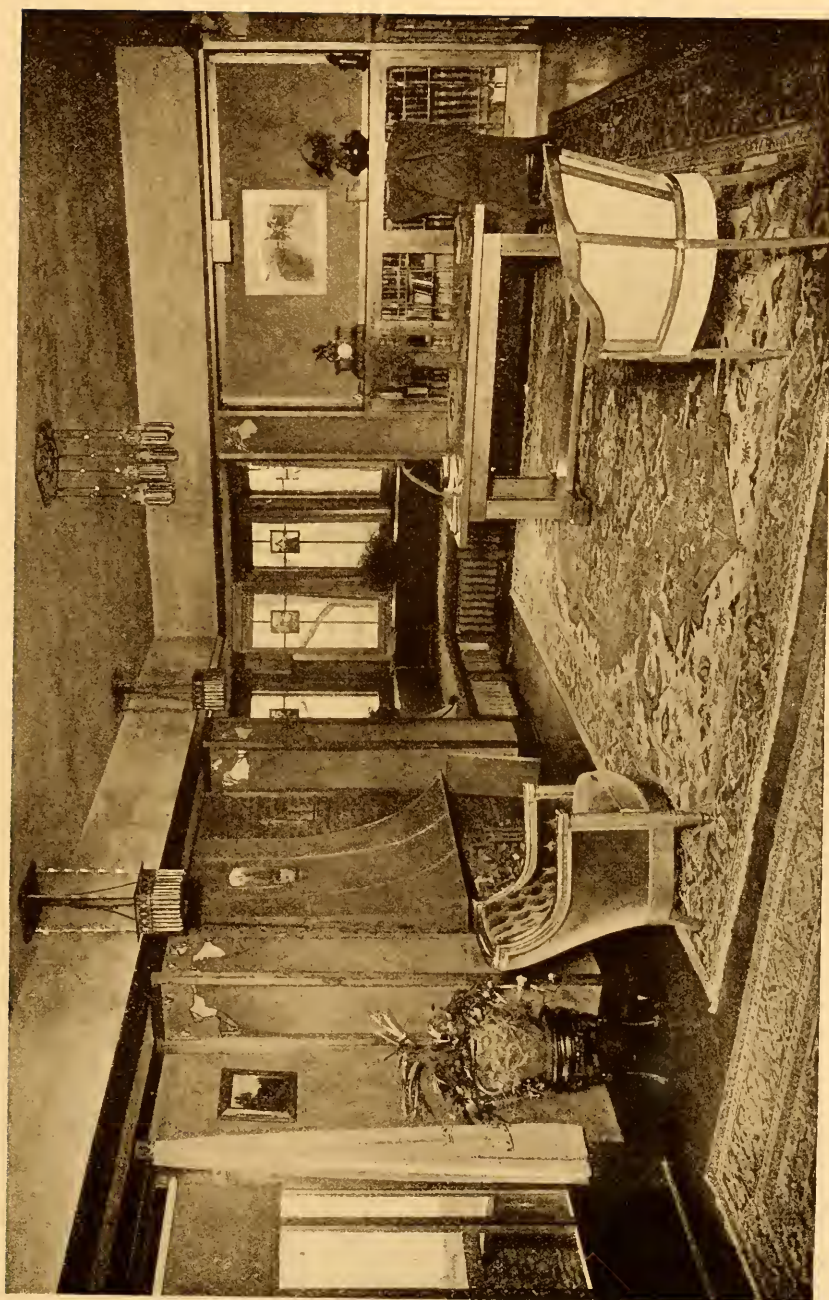


Photo by Benn

HOME OF MR. M. LYNCH
1122 Albion Avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago



HALL, HOME OF MR. E. D. MOENG
1054_Columbia Avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago



LIVING ROOM, HOME OF MR. E. D. MOENG
1054 Columbia Avenue, Rogers Park, Chicago



Photo by Bemm

HOME OF MR. JAMES E. CAGNEY
6325 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater, Chicago



Photo by Benin.

HOME OF MR. S. H. GUNDER
6219 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater, Chicago



DINING AND LIVING ROOMS, HOME OF MR. WM. H. FAHRNEY
6171 Sheridan Road, North Edgewater, Chicago

Photo by Benna



Photo by Bemm

BUNGALOW OF DR. HARRY CLAYTON WILL
4865 Sheridan Road, Edgewater, Chicago



LIVING ROOM, HOME OF MR. FRANK A. CASE
5842 Sheridan Road, Edgewater, Chicago

Photo by Bernin

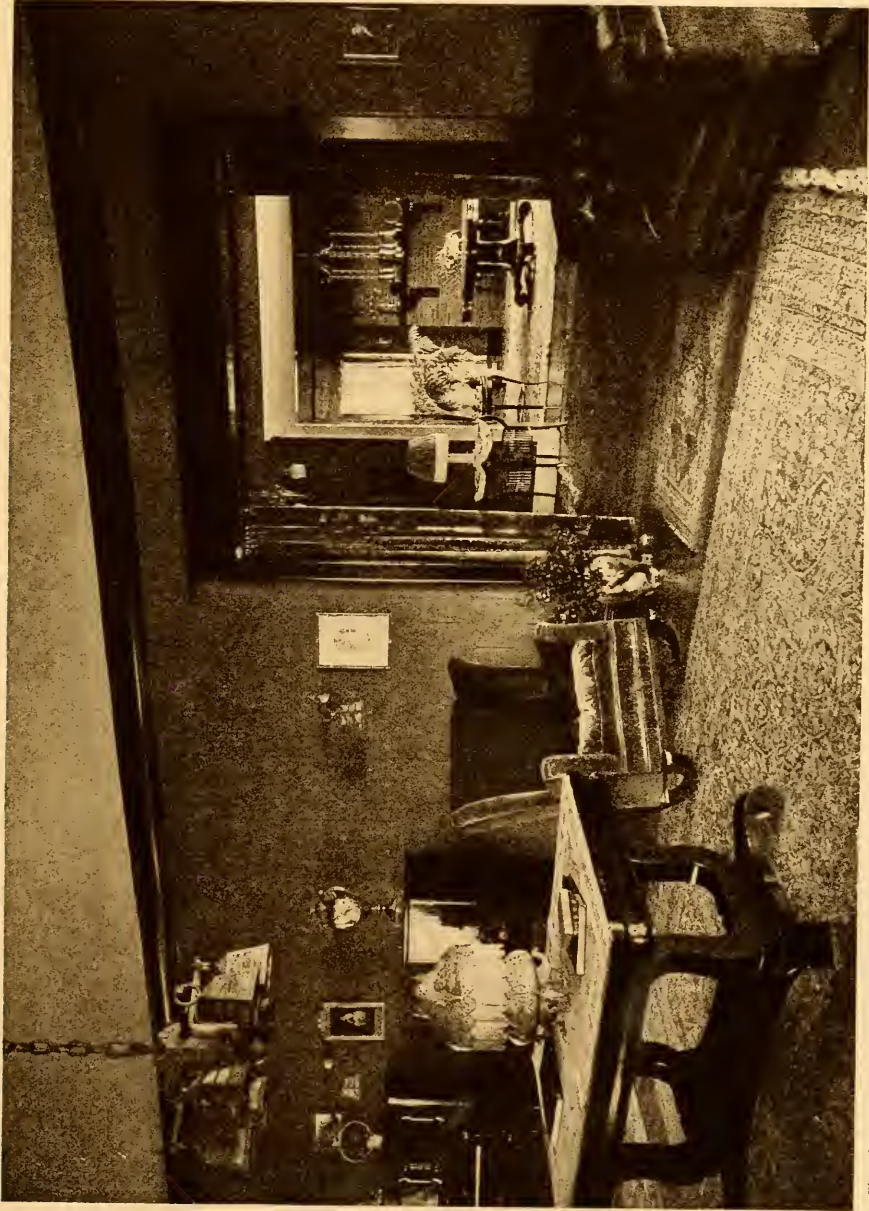


Photo by Benim

VIEW FROM LIVING ROOM TO DINING ROOM
Home of Mr. Frank A. Case, 5842 Sheridan Road, Edgewater



Photo by Bemm

LIVING ROOM, HOME OF MRS. JOHN N. WEINAND
900 Argyle Street, Edgewater, Chicago



Photo by Beinn

VIEW OF LAKE MICHIGAN FROM PORCH OF MRS. WEINAND'S HOME



HOME OF MR. J. B. SHAW
5627 Sheridan Road, Edgewater, Chicago

Photo by Penn



Photo by Benim

HOME OF MR. ROBERT S. SMITH
Cumnor Road, Kenilworth, Ill.

THE HIGHWAY SOUTHWARD TO CHICAGO

When the city's rush is over, and the monthly ticket shown,
And the platform's crowd has scattered like leaves in Autumn blown,
Then the engine feels the throttle, as the racer feels the whip,
And sends its drivers whirling for its little homeward trip.

Horace Spencer Fiske

IN the vicinity of the pretty little station of Braeside, Chicago & North Western Railroad, or at the nearby county line station of the Chicago & Milwaukee Electric Railroad, and on the Cook County side, is seen a venerable tree of quaint and almost forlorn aspect. It is an Indian trail tree. A farmer, who has been a long-time resident on the Green Bay Road, is fond of declaring that this is "no trail tree." In short he ignores all tradition associated with the Indian. He asserts that within his remembrance, 1866, a tornado "twisted" this particular tree. With all due respect to his observation of the "tornado's" havoc, those who are authorities on the subject, having made a study in the timbered regions frequented by the Indian, know for certain that this was an Indian trail tree long before the "tornado" undertook to rend one of its limbs. The members of the Lake Shore Country Club have shown a praiseworthy sentiment, as well as a keen appreciation of an old historic landmark, by affording it the protection of a neat fence against the vandalism that walketh abroad to destroy.



Photo by Bemm

INDIAN TRAIL TREE
COUNTY LINE ROAD AND LAKE SHORE COUNTRY CLUB

That the tree in question was in its sapling period bent by the Indian, in order to designate a particular route, there is no doubt. The early hunters appreciated the significance of such landmarks; the settlers coming later, and at a period when the Indian was leaving the territory, also realized that they were as signposts by the way. The settler himself blazed a trail, either by cutting down timber or by hacking off portions of the bark, and the North Shore is rife with legends of this nature, most wonderful stories being told of how "mother's father blazed the trees while walking toward Chicago," or "to Waukegan." As a rule, the trails of the Indian, particularly when marked by these peculiar trees, proved guide sufficient for the early settlers.

Cook County was named as a compliment to the Hon. Daniel P. Cook, member of Congress, and Glencoe, which forms the county's northern line on the North Shore, was originated by the same Walter S. Gurnee whose name figures in the merging of Port Clinton into Highland Park. Mr. Gurnee was impressed by the glen-like aspect of the vicinity, and then gallantly added his wife's maiden name of Coe. Glencoe for many years nestled itself within such rich woodland environment as to forbid an attempt at acquaintance. It is now a suburb of distinction, having many beautiful homes, some good business houses and a bank, and its citizens have just erected a magnificent Union Church, costing forty thousand dollars.

The Green Bay Road in this vicinity trends eastward, being intersected by the railroad, then diverging northward, it is a beautifully paved highway, paralleling the tracks for some distance when it again turns westward and northward. Melville E. Stone of *Daily News* and *Associated Press* fame, built the first pretentious home in Glencoe, bridging a ravine on Sheridan Road before the necessary material could be brought to the selected site. Sheridan Road at this time was little more than a wagon trail, and impassable at certain seasons of the year. The Lake Shore Country Club and the Skokie Country Club are both within the corporate limits of Glencoe. Street improvements in the southern part of the village are being rapidly pushed as are those in the adjoining suburb, Hubbard Woods.

This latter place was originally known as Taylorsport, after the Taylor family, its earliest settlers. In 1870 David Gage of Chicago, named it Lakeside, because of its proximity to the Lake. It is only recently, however, since it has been designated Hubbard Woods, that this charming tract of land has received the attention it deserved. It is named after Gurdon S. Hubbard, who at one time, owned the whole acreage comprising this site. As the Sheridan Road takes its way in close proximity to the Lake, the slopes and curves present a panorama of wonderful views. There are some charming homes in this picturesque environment, and in the woodlands west of the rail road, a very unique home has just been completed. It is built of logs, but nothing about it to suggest the home of the early pioneer. It is a pretentious affair, and was built and is owned by Adam Emory Albright, who has become known as the painter of country children. This country home is constructed of Oregon pine logs, sixty feet long and ranging in diameter from twelve to fourteen inches. This unique



Photo by Benm

TRAIL TREE AT WILMETTE, ILL.
Tenth and Greenwood Avenues

structure together with the artist's reputation, will surely bring fame to Hubbard Woods. It will be interesting to read the legends of the future in connection with the building of this home. How the logs were hauled on a train of six flat cars to be again transported by two teams of horses, two logs at a time, to the proposed site; the many problems encountered in obtaining workmen who could put the material together, for every log, as well as the oak window frames, is held in place by spikes half an inch square and ten inches long!

Winnetka is an Indian word, signifying "beautiful place," and no one will dispute its right to the title. Here may be found many pretentious as well as artistic homes, charmingly environed in trees and shrubbery. It has winding thoroughfares, with little parks at street intersections. Its natural undulations are very pleasing, and its outlook to the Lake delightful. The maple growth is simply glorious, and in Autumn Winnetka's coloring rivals that of any other North Shore village or city. The Sheridan Road takes its way through the village one block west of the Lake.

Kenilworth, within the past year, has shown considerable awakening in the northern portion. Here quite a number of homes have come into being, and streets laid out and paved in keeping with the original plan of the site. From the "Book of the North Shore,—1910," is culled the following paragraph of interest regarding this particular vicinity:

"About fifteen miles north of Chicago is Kenilworth, which has a marked individuality. Here was opportunity for landscape artist and architect to work in unison, and here, too, it being the youngest of the North Shore settlements, each could profit by the advantages or disadvantages of the planning and building of the earlier communities; and to their credit, be it recorded, Kenilworth stands alone in having made the best of all that Nature bestowed. Even Evanston, as well as Highland Park and Rogers Park, have had to destroy in modern times that which was planned and builded in earlier times. Not so will it be with Kenilworth. The entrance to this lovely home town is beyond reproach; its large fountain and cemented angles of streets, together with its superb tree growth, suggest a park of some magnitude and beauty. No straggling line of one-story stores, no freaks of the builder of the "railroad" street offend the eye. The noble forest growth of oak, elm, ash and other native trees have been barely cleared to admit of residences being built, yet all is in order and arranged with artistic taste. The large trees are trimmed so as not to interfere, their tops forming a canopy of varied green in summer, while in winter they are etched against the sky line or casting athwart the snow-covered lawns blue and purple traceries, such as no artist could hope to imitate with any degree of success. Nothing had stood in this wilderness of forest previous to its being platted as a desirable residence site, except the wigwam of the Indian and a solitary log cabin, which stood on the bluff, thirty-five feet above the lake, and in which Elizabeth Ouilmette was married to Michael Welch. Well paved avenues, over which much of the original forest growth throws its grateful shade and protection, make of Kenilworth a desirable home place."

Wilmette is a live, active village. During the past five years it has grown beyond comprehension; grown in beauty as well as in strength. It was always a favored site. Nature did much for it, and interest is shown in the preservation of its tree growth. There are many lordly elms, trees that prove by their girth that they were here while the Indian was in possession. There are a few trail trees cherished in this neighborhood, and whether on private property or on the boulevards, they are sacred to their particular environment. The Ouilmette Country Club, located on the edge of the public park fronting the Lake, forms one of the many social features associated with this village. The enterprise of the Woman's Club is evidenced in the beautiful club home erected by that organization, and which is said to be the first club house of its kind devoted to the special interests of a woman's organization built on the North Shore. Its Village Hall is a monument to its originators. Pure and chaste in design and finish it is unlike any other structure of its kind on the North Shore, and its ensemble is such, that one feels as if one of the temples of ancient Greece had been dropped into a more modern environment and fitted to its alien surroundings with advantage. Wilmette has much of traditional interest. It was named after the wife of Antoine Ouilmette, a Frenchman, who married Archange, a Pottawattomie maiden. Ouilmette was one of the first white settlers in Chicago occupying one of the four cabins that constituted the settlement of Chicago in 1803. There were born to the Ouilmettes eight children, the names of whom appear in the several affidavits, deeds and documents relating to the title to the reservation, upon the site of which the greater portion of Wilmette, as well as a part of Evanston, now stands. Ouilmette's marriage to Archange, the Pottawattomie, is historical, for it is said to be the first North Shore wedding of which there is any record. The wedding took place at Gross Point in 1796. Ouilmette's daughter, Elizabeth, was twice married. Her first husband was Michael Welch, who has the honor of being designated not only the "first Irishman" in Chicago, but the first of his nationality on the North Shore. His marriage with Elizabeth Ouilmette took place on May 11, 1830, and in a log cabin that stood until 1903 on the east side of Sheridan Road, two blocks north of the Kenilworth water tower.

The North Shore channel of the Chicago Sanitary District has its entrance from Lake Michigan in Wilmette, where a harbor has been built and where the commissioners have created from the material taken from the ditch a site for a park on its north bank. At this point the Sheridan road will cross the channel over a handsome concrete bridge, which is nearing completion. The water flows into the canal at the rate of one thousand cubic feet per second, which is of sufficient force to dilute all sewage that may be turned into it. Great possibilities for beautifying its banks through the suburban residence sections is evident, and will, in all probability, be considered seriously in some well organized association, such as our Park Boards. The right of way of the channel is six hundred feet in width; the canal is from twenty-six to thirty feet in width at bottom, with a one hundred and thirty feet width at top, and thirteen feet of depth, and the approximate cost is \$2,500,000.

Reaching Rogers Park the northern limits of Chicago are designated by the site of an old Indian trail. This thoroughfare was for years known as "Indian Boundary." Its title should never have been changed and the writer is glad to know that the Chicago Historical Society has entered a protest to this effect on its records. "Indian Boundary" would always imply tradition; would signify that which as time passes one is apt to forget. The northern section of Rogers Park is designated "Birchwood." The whole suburb might rightfully have claimed this designation, so prolific were the birch trees here.

The Edgewater Golf Club, which for years made a beauty spot of the southwest corner of Rogers Park, has its new grounds at the intersection of Pratt and Ridge Boulevards—the latter being laid over an old trail. The Birchwood Golf Club has its links adjoining the historic Indian Boundary.

Quoting again from the "Book of the North Shore 1910."

"Before streets were opened the byways leading to the Lake, particularly east of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul tracks—Sheridan Road then being little more than a trail—the woodlands were rich in flower growth. The hepatica, the violet and a host of other sweet blossoms, together with a veritable riot of roses, made the months of May and June a delight in this particular section. The cucumber vine, with its delicate lace-like beauty, vied with woodbine, wild grape and bittersweet in gracefully draping each defect of shattered and fallen tree-growth. These same charming artists of the forest persisted in veiling the real estate signs, as if in protest at their intrusion. The stately elder with its broad umbels of cream-colored and white blossoms, followed by the rich purple and red fruit, imparted to the byways an ever-varying touch of form and hue. The great charm of the Rogers Park woodlands, however, was its silver birch growth, the "lady birch" as it is designated by some authorities. Tenderest touches of green splashed with yellow in the spring; their columns of silver imparting a striking note of beauty in the dense and shadowy byways of summer; while autumn changed their delicate foliage to veritable flakes of gold, and my Lady Birch then declared herself Queen of the Woodlands! In the winter they assumed a rare individuality, standing like pillars of light in purpled shadows, and outvieing the snow-blanketed earth in their brilliancy. Oh! how radiant they appeared when caught in the slanting rays of a rose-colored sunset! And when Old Sol arose from his bed on the eastern horizon of the Lake, how tenderly mysterious they became, quivering with something akin to the emotion of a messenger who has something surprising to impart. You dear old birch trees! Why was speech denied you? Our distinguished New England poet immortalized thee—

"Give me of your bark,
O Birch-Tree!"

"Lay aside your cloak, O birch-tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!"
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha.



SILVER BIRCHES

"There were many 'Hiawathas,' before the coming of the white man, in the birchwoods on the site of what is now called Rogers Park, busy building canoes from the material at hand. In a few instances the birch tree has been coaxed to remain well cared for on private property.

"The two Edgewater and Argyle Park as Rogers Park, form a part of the municipality of Chicago. Edgewater's founder was Mr. J. Lewis Cochran. He subdivided three hundred and fifty acres, putting in street improvements and building some three hundred houses. It required not only a large amount of capital, but unbounded faith in the future. The only transportation was the Evanston branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad, with terminus at the Union Depot. In 1893, the electric surface road was opened. Many of us recall the delight with which

we hailed this buzzing innovator, whose bumblebeeish vibrations were as music to the ears of the long-suffering 'better transportation' advocate. Then the 'trolley-parties' with which the road favored its patrons! We recall how the single track, interspersed here and there with convenient sidings, pushed through byways, tangled and overgrown with brushwood and trees. In the open car, on a summer evening, this ride was particularly enjoyable, for trees and bushes reaching out on either side swished against the invader in musical protest, while the air was fragrant with woodsy sweets, and between whiles, the Lake might be seen under the silvered sheen of moonlight. Now the North Western Elevated carries a host of patrons over the original Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul tracks.

"While on this subject of transportation, a word for the enterprise of Chicago's first railroad (1848), now generally designated as the Chicago & North Western. It has passed through so many vicissi-

tudes that its evolution into the road of today reads like romance. Witness now its finely equipped Milwaukee Division, for this has been a power in the development of the North Shore suburbs and towns. Its fine embankments and subways, its artistic stations in an environment of parkway and gardens, have all helped toward evolution from the country village, with its primitive methods, to the fair and progressive suburbs of the city and the prosperous towns and cities beyond."

Future traditions of Edgewater will ever be associated with the fact that here, in "Paradise Flat," lived and wrote and died, the talented authoress and deeply lamented Myrtle Reed.

Evanston is a beautiful city, ideal in its preservation of the forest trees and in its system of well-paved and neatly kept thoroughfares. The stranger is impressed with the fact that each individual Evanstonian takes a personal pride in the neat appearance of his city. There are many beautiful homes, many dear, old-fashioned structures, as well as those of more modern design and imposing appearance; but all in an environment of emerald lawn, graceful shrub, clinging vine and stately trees. The immediate Lake front has been preserved for park purposes, considerable land having been redeemed from the Lake itself; the famous Sheridan Road, as a rule, forming the western boundary of this most perfect system of devoting a choice stretch of land to the public good. This highway, which extends for thirty miles northward from Chicago—it being a part of the latter's boulevard system—was conceived by an Evanstonian, the late Volney W. Foster. Evanston's beginnings center in the history of its University, five hundred and sixty acres being purchased by the trustees in 1854, for the purpose of developing this higher class education, and the growth of the university is, to a certain extent, the development of the city itself. Founded in love and in sincerity, is it wonder that Evanston should later become known as the "classic" city of the West? It received its name in honor of Dr. John Evans, who took a very active part in securing the site for the University. Ten students in a frame building in 1855! Over four thousand in handsome brick and stone edifices in 1911!

The highways and byways of the past in Evanston are of unusual interest, and its Historical Society has been active in perpetuating memories of the native people that roamed at will through its superb forest environment, hunting the deer or other animals then familiar to its vicinity. Besides the ever-present trail, the natural highway of the Indian, has, as in other places along the North Shore, been appropriated by the white man, and converted into well-paved streets and boulevards, along which the automobile has taken right of way; while Indian mounds and graves have been found in many localities within the boundary of the city. Within two miles of its limits, Father Pinet, in 1696, had his "Mission of the Guardian Angel" among the Miami Indians, and here, in 1699, he was visited by Saint Cosme and others, with Henry de Tonty as guide and protector, while on their way to the Illinois country, via the Chicago portage.



Photo by Benn

EXMOOR COUNTRY CLUB
Highland Park, Ill.



THE LAKE SHORE COUNTRY CLUB
Glencoe, Ill.

THE FAVORITE PASTIME ON THE NORTH SHORE

“The Royal and Ancient Game of Goff”

GOLF, or “goff,” as it was designated in ancient Scotland, was a pastime of record not only in Scotland but in England, long before Columbus discovered America. Twelve years previous to the landing of the Pilgrims a golf club had been established at Blackheath, London, a site teeming with historic interest in the traditions of Great Britain.

Ten years before Marquette passed in view of our North Shore, the most famous of all golf clubs, that of St. Andrews, was established in Scotland—for it is practically of Scotch origin—it is known as a fascinating sport, so much so, that in 1457 a note of alarm was sounded because of the fear that “the most important pursuit of archery” would be neglected on its account. And soon a Scottish Act of Parliament decreed that “futeball and golfe be utterly cryit down and nocht usit.”

No particular attention seems to have been given to this decree, however, and a stronger one was issued in which “futeball and golfe” are “forbidden.” This edict was signed by James the Fourth, but it was not long before this monarch became so infatuated with the



"HICKORY TEE"
SUMMER HOME OF MR. IRA J. COUCH
Golf, Ill.

Photo by Bemm



Photo by Bemm

"THE ELM"
GLEN VIEW CLUB HOUSE
Golf, Ill.

game that he set his own command at defiance and "joyneth" in the "unprofitable sport." This monarch comes down to tradition associated with golf as the first royal personage formally figuring in the game.

James the Fifth and his daughter, the unhappy Mary Stuart, also played golf. The latter was charged by her enemies in showing a "shameless indifference" to the fate of her husband, when a few days after his tragical end, she was seen "golfing." Charles the First and his brother, Prince Henry, were devotees of the game. This unfortunate monarch, while in the hands of the Scots at New-



"REDCROFT"
HOME OF MR. FREDERIC W. UPHAM
Golf, Ill.



"REDCROFT"
HOME OF MR. FREDERIC W. UPHAM
Golf, Ill.



Photo by Benim

HOME OF MR. CHARLES E. DOX
Golf, Ill.



GLEN VIEW CLUB
"Apartment B"



GLEN VIEW CLUB
"The Elm" and "Apartment C"

castle and awaiting their surrender of his person to the English Parliament, found much diversion in this ancient game. The golf ball at this period was a circlet of leather, roughly stitched together in sections, and containing a stuffing of feathers packed so tightly as to render it as hard as a stone. It was twice the size of the present ball and much less durable.

India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the United States, in fact, everywhere that Scots congregate, cometh the sport that imparts health and vigor, and which affords splendid relaxation after sedentary habits connected with business. The fact that women are taking an active part in the game predicts much for the future, as this outdoor sport involves a covering of distances on foot, an exercise which the women, as a rule, eschew.

It is little wonder that the North Shore, with its reaches of undulating country, should have proven a golfer's paradise. Whether Scots were the originators of the sport in this particular vicinity, the writer is not prepared to state, but the golf links are here and in an environment that even bonnie Scotland itself cannot outdo.

Lake Forest has its Onwentsia, Highland Park its Exmoor golf links, both on sites that are exceedingly beautiful. While the Lake Shore Country Club and the Skokie Club of Glencoe are on sites designated by their individual titles, each in its own particular environment of scenic charm. The Evanston Golf Club has its links adjacent to the drainage canal. The Glen View Club is a few miles west of Evanston and on a very historic site. The North Branch of the Chicago River passes through the links, and is suggestive of "trouble." In the grounds and overlooking the links are two structures of Elizabethan style of architecture. These are designated "Apartments B and C," and are rented by members wishing to sojourn here with their families. Apartment A was originally a brick farm house.

Here to the wilderness in 1836 came Robert Dewes. His family, French Huguenots, had held farmlands in Yorkshire, England, for three hundred years. Descendants are still there. In the brick house on the golf grounds was born the son of the pioneer farmer in 1846. John Dewes sold the property to the Glen View Club. Mr. Dewes now lives in a brick home on a rising slope just west of the links, and with acreage enough to keep him occupied. For, as he says, he is a "born farmer" and therefore feels the need of living in close acquaintance with the soil. Another member of the family, an uncle of the present representative, also came to Chicago in the early thirties, and was offered a tract of eighty acres for one dollar and a quarter per acre, on what is now Lake Street west of the river. There is a little log cabin, built in 1836, for an Englishman by the name of Swales, who was associated with Mr. Dewes' father.

The Glen View golf grounds occupy the site of the farm that followed Indian occupation of the land. It is a site of intense interest, traditionally, for here was a very important Indian village, and the earth has yielded relics of a past with which the average man is totally unfamiliar. The balconies of the club house afford vistas of this undulating country, and here is inspiration for both poet and artist.



GLEN VIEW LINKS
"Sweet Home" and the "Ball Bearing Stream"

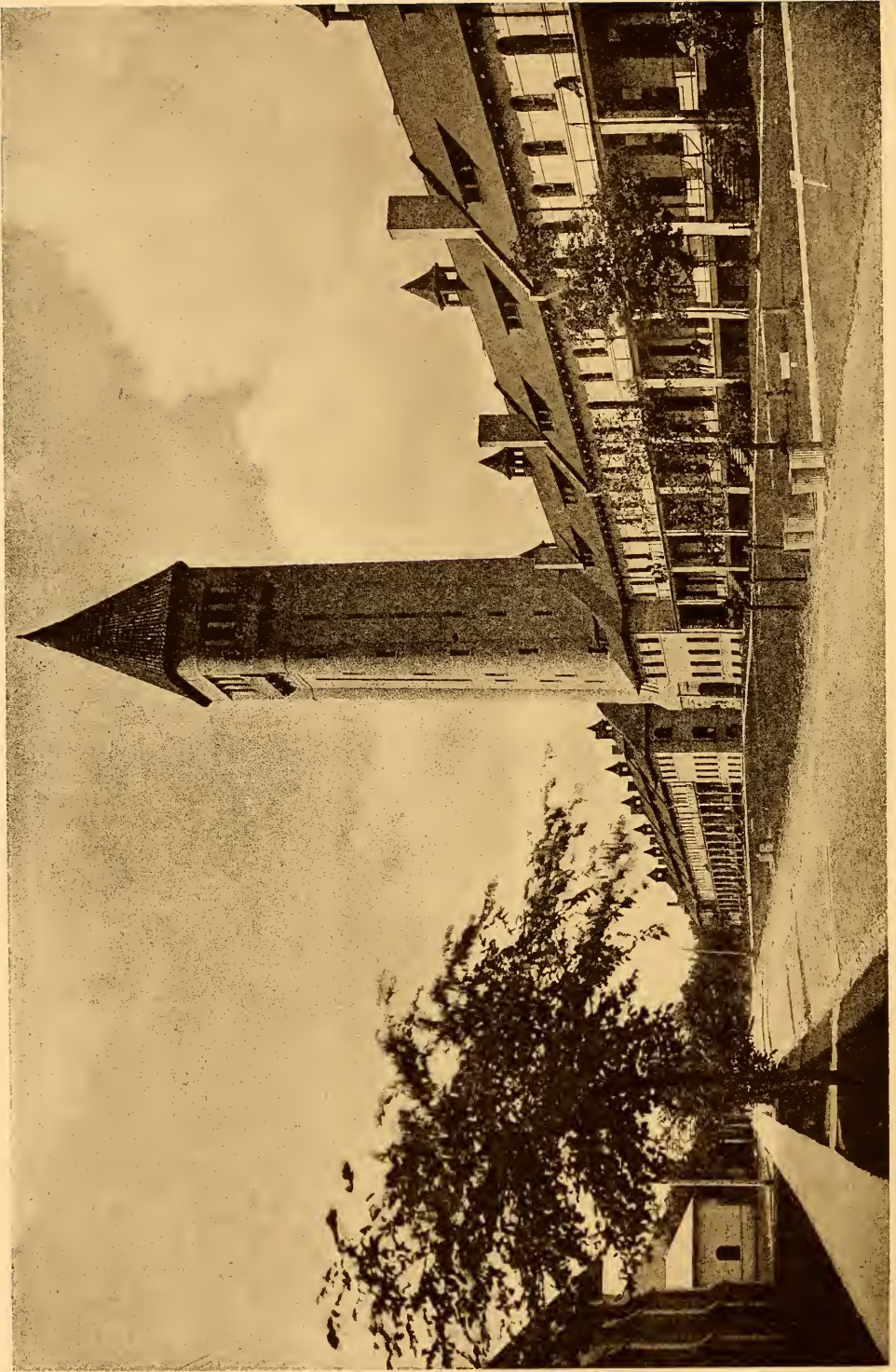


LOG CABIN
Glen View Club



THE SKOKIE COUNTRY CLUB

1. The Entrance. 2. The Club House. 3. The Summer House.



THE BARRACKS AND WATER TOWER
Fort Sheridan, Ill.



MICHAEL SWEENEY LOG CABIN
Fort Sheridan, Ill.

PASSING VISTAS

It is necessary to look forward as well as backward.

Madame de Stael

ROCKLAND was the name of a little station on the west side of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and somewhat north of the present Lake Bluff station. After twenty years of service it merged its identity into that of Lake Bluff, which in 1877, had become a Methodist camp meeting ground. The position on the bluff and its proximity to the Lake became sponsor for the newer name. Later, Lake Bluff became the western Chautauqua center and large crowds gathered on this picturesque site each season. Its great auditorium stood in an environment of forest and from its platform were heard many of the leading orators of the day. It suffered a period of depression and financial hindrance, and in 1895, the "Lake Bluff Camp Meeting Association" surrendered control of the property, which then became incorporated as a village. Many improvements have been made in an up-to-date spirit, and Lake Bluff, with its charming location, promises much in its future evolution toward home-building.

About six miles south of Lake Bluff is Fort Sheridan, said to be the model military station of the United States. Its inception came in 1887, when an association comprised of Chicago's prominent business men, realized the time had arrived when urgent need demanded that a military post of some importance be established within convenient distance of the city. To this end, funds were raised to purchase a tract of three hundred and fifty acres, located between the railroad and the Lake. This tract was donated to the Government, and by Act of Congress it was named in honor of the hero, General Philip H. Sheridan. It is one of the most picturesque sites and its original beauty of contour has been faithfully preserved. Additional acres have been added until the reservation embraces about one thousand. Its architectural features are excellent, and an appropriation is being sought for further improvements. These will add materially to its present facilities for accommodation of numbers, and it will make Fort Sheridan the best equipped military post in the world. The famous Sheridan Road takes its way through the reservation over finely bridged ravines.

This tract of land has its traditions. On the site now occupied by the Post Cemetery, the woodman's ax awakened the echoes in 1840, and soon the pioneer structure of logs was seen in a small clearing, and Benjamin Marks possessed a home in the North Shore wilderness. Four years later Michael Sweeney came into the dense timber growth between the Lake and the old trail or military road. Now another little brown structure came into existence. This memento of early pioneer days, is still seen just southwest of the handsome station of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway at Fort Sheridan. In the early fifties the railroad cut this acreage in two. Mr. Sweeney, who had purchased his acres from the government, arrived in an ox wagon in the late summer of 1844. He died in September, 1909, but is survived by his widow and eight children, two of the latter, Mr. William and Miss Frances, occupy, with their mother, the spacious brick home, near the site of the former log cabin, to which the latter had come as a bride. This modern home is on a gentle elevation and in a delightful environment of lawn and woodland. One is impressed with the care evidenced in the preservation of the natural tree growth and the pioneer orchard—the first apple tree being still tenderly nurtured in remembrance of the hand that planted and fostered it.

Highwood was projected in 1871, and the writer recalls the days of its pretty suburban existence. Mrs. Holden (the "Amber" of blessed memory) dwelt here, writing those delightful little heart touches under the title of "Amber Beads," as well as other essays of equal interest. Highwood seemed to lose its identity after Fort Sheridan was established. But efforts are being made toward its rehabilitation. The lay of the land is delightful and the deserted village aspect should at once be corrected, by a well-organized effort toward home-building, and its evolution into one of the beauty spots of the North Shore, for Highwood has undiscovered possibilities.



Photo by Bemm

THE WEST PLATEAU AT LAKEWOODS
(Looking East from Sheridan Road)
Between Great Lakes Naval Training Station and Lake Bluff

Courtesy of McGuire & Orr



LAKEWOODS
The Valley Road

Photo by Bernn



RAVINE AT "THE MORAINE"

EXPLORATION AND DISCOVERY

"Many of the most valuable discoveries have been the work of chance."

Cotton.

IS it not true that the particular designation of a site serves either to attract or repel? While on an electric car headed northward, and just beyond the immaculate and famous "Crab Tree Farm," there flashed across the vision the word "Lakewoods!" It was a title on a signboard, the latter having no objectionable feature in its composition, but impressing one with the conviction that refinement of taste originated its design.

"Lakewoods!" It suggested to the imagination something more tender than "forest" growth. "Woods!" We may be lost in the forest; we may roam without fear through the woods. With these thoughts uppermost, the conductor is instructed to stop at the "very next station." By me troth! The same is familiar, for it was nothing more nor less than Downey's Crossing at the southwest corner of the beautiful parade grounds of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, the Sheridan Road forming the dividing line.

This famous driveway offered a good footpath southward. The stout fencing of wire forbade intrusion upon this lovely domain with



LAKEWOODS
The Indian Trail

Photo by Benum

its waving undulations and belts of timber that called forth exclamations of delight, as well as an irresistible desire for exploration of its hidden recesses. Presently, after a delightful tramp of about half a mile a gate is discovered, and oh, joy! it stands at an inviting "ajar" angle—just room to squeeze through!

Through? Yes, and following an old wagon trail the explorers—for there are two (He and She)—find themselves trending eastward through a valley of perfect delight. It is one of those wonderful ravine formations, without any perceptible descent into it and with the contour of its sides broken into slopes that appear to trend off into lost distances. Each and every slope has its peculiar charm of woodland, and just now, Autumn had touched the foliage with an indescribable charm. See the maples yonder! How they revel in their glory of gold! And what an inspiration they are in their uplift of gladness! And the number of them! Here, enthroned by a group of courtly satellites all garbed in liveries of splendor, is a queen of the woods. See how the flakes of gold float, as 'twere, between earth and heaven. Later, they will become the sport of the winds.

The atmosphere is charged with woodsy sweets, such as only Autumn distills. It is reminiscent of an old cedar chest in which dried rose leaves and lavender, sweet marjory and thyme all combine, with no particular essence predominating. Hark! 'Tis the whisper of waters. Only a brooklet, clear and deep, but quickly pursuing its onward way between a growth that helps to conceal its course. It is not, as tradition asserts of its kind, a "babbling brook." Like the Indian, it learned to be stealthy. So it just whispers, low yet musically, fearing that some scientific explorer may happen along and propose to harness it for a purpose. Poor little brook! How nervously you swish beneath the primitive bridge of logs and rude planks!

She:—"This byway, in the long ago, was an Indian trail."

He:—"Quite possible. Let's hunt for spear-heads, arrow-heads and the like." She shakes her head as an intimation that she realizes the little vein of irony in his proposition, and continues the tramp onward.

"There! There it is!" And there was an "I-told-you-so!" implied by the tone of voice. But, presently, both He and She, delighted and proud, are chuckling before this magnificent old trail tree. Close at hand there is water, a spring to all appearance. It is probably the source of the low-purling brook which has been crossed and re-crossed on their trend eastward.

There is now a gentle slope upward, but the explorers, like their predecessors of old, thinking they are heading in a particular direction, discover a surprise, but not the one they had set out to find. The ravine, or "Valley Road," as they designated it on their "charts," did not have its terminal at the Lake shore. It has surreptitiously vanished beneath their feet and they find themselves on a plateau of untold possibilities in its suggestion for a country seat. To tell the truth, our explorers had expected to find something of the kind already here, as the highway by which they had come was a well-defined wagon road, not having been used perhaps for some twenty



Photo by Bemm

LAKEWOODS
The Trail to the Beach



Photo by Hemm

LAKEWOODS
Looking Southward from East Plateau



Photo by Beum

LAKEWOODS
East Plateau and Belt of Timber

years. But the problem of the road is solved. Observation of the beautiful "Lakewoods" site imparts this solution:

That here, the Indian had a paradise along the North Shore; trails ran in and out like a network. After the Indian, one leading trail was used by the hunter and then covered by a wagon road, and much later, it received a covering of slag, and primitive bridges were built across the brook. For what purpose? That wood for fuel might be conveyed to the railroad. The trees tell the story. Many old monarchs have been slain. Some few remain. While the second growth is now attaining its glory. The woods are, for this reason, beautiful and promising in their rich variety. Groups of hemlock growth are here, as well as the richest development of hickory trees found in so close a proximity to the Lake along the North Shore. One old trail tree lay prone. It must have been a marvel when standing. Seated on its trunk, the crooked part forming a support to the back, the explorers became familiar with the feathered tribe haunting these particular woods. Allowing that many had migrated southward, there remained variety enough to afford pleasurable entertainment.

The bluff itself is finely sculptured, and has wooded inlets from the beach that suggest great possibilities to the landscape architect. One of these in particular, has a well-defined trail, descending from the plateau, and continuing at a very gentle slope to the beach. The red man undoubtedly originated this byway, and the white hunter followed its lead.

"Lakewoods" is all that its title implies, woods by the lake. The contour of this mile of frontage, and half a mile of depth is so varied and so entrancing that its future as a site for country seats to those desiring frontage, either on the Lake or Sheridan Road, is assured. The automobile or the horse will solve the question of living remote from the railway station.



LAKE FROM PORCH OF "THE MORaine"
Highland Park

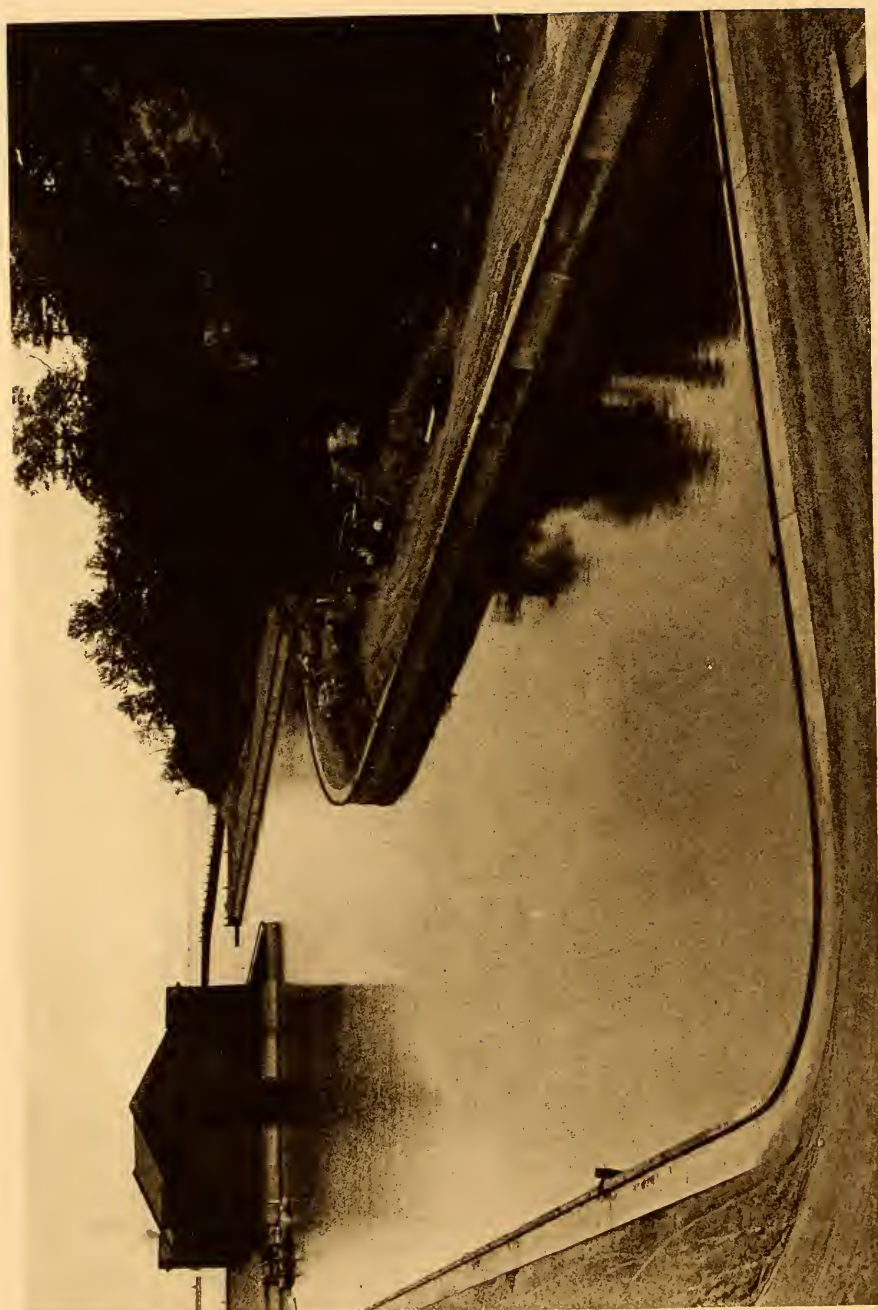


Photo by Jackson

INNER BASIN AND BOAT HOUSE
The Great Lakes Naval Training Station, North Chicago, Ill.



CONGRESSMAN FOSS RECEIVING BATTALION
(Administration Building and Officers'
Quarters in Background.)

THE GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING STATION

I sing the sailor of the sea, breed of the oaken heart,
Who drew our world together and spread the race apart.

T. F. Day

CONGRESSMAN GEORGE EDMUND FOSS and the late Graeme Stewart made no error of judgment when as delegates to Washington they urged the merits of a particular site on our beautiful North Shore, as one of desirability for the Great Lakes Naval Station. The members of the Merchants and Commercial Clubs of Chicago are also to be congratulated on their enterprise in purchasing this tract of one hundred and eighty-two acres, and donating it to the Government for the purpose named.

Thus far, the total amount expended for the construction of the station, is \$3,475,000. This station is located about half a mile south of the incorporated village of North Chicago, and a mile and a half north of Lake Bluff. It is on a plateau about eighty feet above Lake Michigan and commanding an expansive view of the waters. Here, where a ravine intersects the property, has been built a good harbor, while the ravine itself has been evolved into the most picturesque



Photo by Jackson

CONCRETE BRIDGE BETWEEN RECEIVING AND MAIN GROUPS
The Great Lakes Naval Training Station, North Chicago, Ill.

lagoon, both harbor and lagoon serving its purpose for training in the art of naval seamanship. On the beach is located a powerhouse and pumping station. It is right within shelter of the high bluff and forms no detriment to the scenic beauty of the site itself nor to adjoining properties.

All the structures are of the most classic type, substantial and imposing by reason of their very simplicity. They are as fireproof as construction warrants, steam-heated and lighted by electricity. The Administration building with its tower reaching an altitude of 300 feet above the bluff, commands a wide view of the water from the east, and stretches of upland and prairie, forest and dreamy



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
(West Entrance)



SKYLARKING WHILE OFF DUTY

woodlands to the west. From the entrance gate looking east this building is about a mile distant, and as the visitor walks over fine, broad cement walks in this direction he is greeted by group after group of structures facing the parade ground, that are in perfect harmony in every detail with the central structure. Along the edge of the bluff are placed the homes of the officers, the admiral's home commanding the central point.

There is a fine drill hall and a mess hall, the entrance to the latter might be that of a palace of the renaissance period. A magnificent auditorium, fitted with a stage in proportion to its dimensions, where entertainments as well as religious services are held and where verbal instruction relating to the various branches of the service is given. Entering the dormitories one becomes impressed with the absence of cots. Looking upward, a series of queer-looking tackle, neat and orderly in appearance, but suspended within a few inches of the



Awaiting Drill Call, front of Drill Hall



South Entrance to Mess Hall



Signal Drill on the Receiving Group
GREAT LAKES NAVAL TRAINING STATION

ceiling is seen. At night these being lowered, develop into hammocks. For our candidate for naval development must be no coddled, feather-bed sailor! It also requires courage to go under the shower in the morning!

The kitchen—designated galley—is equipped with everything that is up-to-date in the culinary art, and so immaculate that one almost feared to set foot on the floor; while the bakery, with its automatic dough mixer and dough trough, its mechanical cream whipper and egg beater is as good as an appetizer. A fine gymnasium, fully equipped, and containing devices for boom swinging, as well as a speedway, a swimming pool and a bowling alley, all contribute recreation as well as instruction.

The acres composing this site are enclosed by a high wrought-iron fence on a base of masonry, presenting with its enclosure of shrub growth and neatness of approach from whichever direction, features that will prove a valuable asset to the future upbuilding of the immediate vicinity.

For three weeks after the recruit is accepted, he is not allowed outside the station. During this time the rough edges are toned down and he has become accustomed to the rigid discipline, and at recreation moments, he may, perhaps, be found prone on the grass, battling with homesickness, or undergoing a tug with his inner consciousness of the conditions to which he has bound himself. If he is built of the right stuff, and this is the environment where the test becomes critical, he gradually falls into the routine of duty and begins to view life under a different aspect.

He now feels he is pressing toward a goal, for at the end of three months he will be drafted to one of the various ships of the United States Navy. In the meantime he has acquired considerable control of himself, has learned to accomplish, and begins to feel he has a purpose in life. His figure shows the effect of physical training, his cheeks have assumed a ruddy hue, his eyes are bright with enthusiasm, and love for the flag has become a religion. During all this time he has slept in a hammock, has fed upon wholesome rations neither too much nor too little. He has had lots of pleasure, too, football and other sports, and his immaculate white uniform has now become a matter for pride and he glories in the fact that he is associated with an arm of the Government service entitled to respectful consideration.

O Jackies of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, may war never come! Yet if it should, the nation will find you are better fighters, braver, more courageous and intrepid, from your sojourn on our beautiful North Shore!

Future traditions will incorporate the visit of the Hon. William H. Taft, President of the United States, who, on October 28, 1911, dedicated the Naval Training Station to the "normal, physical and ethical development of the young men of the nation." Legends will tell of the reverberating echoes along the North Shore as heavy guns welcomed the coming of a President; of his greeting to an elderly woman who had known him some forty years ago; of how the Jackies in a thin white line advanced upon the encroaching crowd causing it to fall back in an orderly manner.



Indian Trail Tree at Lake Bluff, Ill.

THE CITY OF WAUKEGAN—ITS LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS

O'er that which hath been and o'er that which must be;
What we have seen our sons shall see;
Remnants of things that have passed away,
Fragments of stone reared by creatures of clay.

Byron.

THE "Little Fort" of the pioneer is Waukegan of today. "Little Fort" received mention in a history of the United States, published in London, 1795. There is also a map in this old work, made according to the treaty of 1783. Two places are indicated on the western shore of Lake Michigan, Chicago and Little Fort, the latter being designated at the mouth of a stream—Old Fort River. It is but natural to infer then, that previous to 1783, there was a fort of much older significance, than that which is later brought to notice.

Tradition cherishes the probability of La Salle and one or more of his company having been in this immediate vicinity in 1679. Did he build a fort here? And was this "Old Fort" to which reference is made in the early English map? La Salle's scheme, as we know, was to erect a chain of forts from Lake Ontario to the mouth of the Mississippi, and so establish the supreme right of France to reign over this broad inland territory.

When the very earliest settlers—hunters and traders, principally—came among the Indians, on the site now covered by the city of Waukegan, legends were not wanting in the confirmation of the supposition that La Salle here builded a fort. The descendants of the tribes occupying this vicinity in the seventeenth century, persisted in the statement that an Indian village of some pretensions,

existed in this neighborhood at the time the "Old Fort" was erected. That the designation of "Little Fort" was used by the Pottawattomies to distinguish the latter and its location from the earlier structure and its site. This legend was again and again detailed to the early settlers, and is rightly cherished by their descendants.

These settlers found decaying timbers enough, together with some rude earthworks, to verify the fact of the existence of the "Little Fort." It had probably been erected by hunters and traders as a protection against, or an intimidation toward any hostilities on the part of the Indians. This rude stockade enclosure stood at the intersection of Water Street and Sheridan Road, Waukegan.

It is also interesting to be able to confirm the existence of this latter structure previous to 1825. One, William Hamilton, drove a herd of cattle from Springfield, Illinois, to Green Bay, Wisconsin, in the year named, following, from Chicago, the Lake as closely as possible, though not immediately on its shore. Mr. Hamilton clearly stated that these ruins were designated "Little Fort." He is not very clear, however, in speaking of distances, although he describes the location. Undoubtedly, this was one of his landmarks by the way, as he was taking cattle to a detachment of the United States soldiery, then stationed at Green Bay, and his instructions as to the highway he should follow, as well as of the particular landmarks by which he might recognize the same, would be explicit. This is why that of "Little Fort" remained in his memory. It was a distinguishing object of guidance along the route.

The acknowledgment in the old English book of a stream here designated as "Old Fort River" would indicate the existence of a well known fort in this vicinity, while the ruins of "Little Fort," together with the rich yield of Indian relics, spear-heads, arrow-heads, tomahawks, and even skeletons, together with bits of wrought metal suggestive of accoutrements worn by the French soldiery of La Salle's day, are all strong links in a chain of evidence of the site of Waukegan being rife with traditional import. This atmosphere yet lingers. The student of research becomes possessed with an intense desire to dig and to delve, until the secret of that which is now vague and mysterious be forced to the open. For Waukegan of today, is an association of past with present; of the yesterday treading closely upon the heels of today. It is old, it is new; it is youthful yet aged; it puzzles, it distracts, this city by the lake which retains its Indian title.

The early settlers aspired to build a city that should become of some importance as a shipping point. With this end in view, a company was organized in Chicago as early as 1835. One of its members, Thomas Jenkins, became Waukegan's pioneer merchant and the builder of the first frame structure in the township. Tradition locates it within shelter of the bluff just north of the big ravine. The population of "Little Fort," at this period, was represented by those who inhabited the five log cabins and who worked in the very unpretentious sawmill.

By vote of the people, Little Fort obtaining a majority of 188 out of 744 votes, the county seat, on April 13, 1841, was established

here. Feeling ran high at this change of location on the Lake, and for years the resentment made itself felt in political issues. One hundred and sixty acres at one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre were pre-empted for the county seat. Those who possessed claims upon the chosen site showed their appreciation of the conditions by releasing them in favor of the county.

The latter had no funds in its treasury wherewith to make the purchase, but it had been whispered among those directly interested, that one of the pioneers had been heard to say that he had two hundred dollars in gold, which the commissioners might have as a loan. And Elmsley Sunderlin became immortalized in the traditions of Lake County. He was a live, active worker for progression, and Waukegan owes much to just such men of this period, that earnestly worked for the good of the community at large. The first courthouse was destroyed by fire in 1875. In 1887 the present courthouse was erected at a cost of forty thousand dollars. It is barely large enough at the present time to meet its requirements.

In connection with the changing of the county seat to "Little Fort" there are many incidents worthy of record. The "For Burlington" people charged the "For Little Fort" contingent with illegal voting, which was easily and readily disproved. Then followed a question of legal technicalities, and Dr. Richard Murphy, the first resident of Lake County to represent the people in the Illinois legislature, secured the passage of an Act declaring the county seat should be considered permanently established at "Little Fort." Captain Morris Robinson, who had been one of the active workers toward this end, resolved to go to Springfield to also urge the passing of this Act.

It was mid-winter, and the legend runs that neither he nor his friends in or about "Little Fort" had a horse available for the trip. Nothing daunted, the enthusiastic pioneer set out on foot. Much of his life had been spent on the sea, but pioneering had developed a love for walking and he footed it to Springfield, ever after boasting that he had beat the stage from Chicago by two days!

"Little Fort Porcupine and Democratic Banner" was the pioneer newspaper. Its distinguishing insignia was a wood engraving, representing a porcupine with quills set in battle array, intimating the spirit of its projectors, who fearlessly hit right and left, regardless of political party, and pricked the pride and temper, if not the consciences, of all public officials, who, in its estimation, stood in need of editorial lambasting. Its initial number, issued March 4, 1845, proclaims the fact, that in Little Fort, at that time, there were 452 inhabitants, three commodious public houses, seven stores, two blacksmith shops, one tin and sheet iron factory, two shoe shops, three tailor shops, one chair and cabinet factory, three warehouses, one pier and a second being constructed, and two brickyards. In this same number is also the following introductory:

"Today, March 4th, is notable for two things. It is inauguration day with President Polk and Vice-President Dallas, as well as with 'Little Fort Porcupine and Democratic Banner.' Great day this at Little Fort and Washington!" The paper does not seem to have met with all the encouragement the enterprise deserved, for on April 16th of the same year, appears the following:

"Eugene Sue in his new work, 'The Wandering Jew,' endeavors to show that this being is to wander over every foot of earth, try every imaginable plain of life, occupy all stations and to drain to the dregs the cup of each conceivable misery. We wonder if the punishment can be complete without he published a newspaper at 'Little Fort'!"

"Little Fort" having attained a population of 2,500, sought incorporation as a village, desiring, also, that the Act of Incorporation provide for the change in its title, to that of the Pottawattomie equivalent, Waukegan, and by an Act of the Legislature, February 12, 1849, these petitions were granted.

New Year's Day, 1855, is incorporated in the traditions of Waukegan as the beginning of a new era. For the high bluffs upon which the city of today stands, became conscious of an unusual tremor and vibration, as smoothly gliding over a magic trail, at their base, came the advance guard of a new order. The iron horse snorts with satisfaction, and every now and again, gives vent to bursts of exhilaration as it appropriates the right of way, inch by inch, over the highway of accommodation and commerce. It has urged its way northward over part of an historic by-way, which of necessity it has cut in two here, and paralleled there, but the adjoining wooded heights now catch the rhythmic melody of its joyous progress, and "Hap-py-New-Year! Hap-py-New-Year! Fair-Waukegan! New-Wau-ke-gan" is projected through and over the site, where, but yesterday, the Indian was lord of the soil, and where tradition avers that the ambitious ambassador from France erected the fort, which in a little more than a century afterward, was designated on the English map as "Old."

Many legends are still afloat regarding the method of transportation during the period of railroad construction. Stage routes were established between Milwaukee and Waukegan, and between the latter and the nearest point of approach of the railroad, each trip of the stage being shortened according to the closer reach of the railroad. A twelve mile walk was nothing in those days, and men and women in these earlier times more frequently "rode shank's mare," covering distances which today is looked upon as impossible.

On January eleventh of this same year, Waukegan resolved itself into the position of host and hostess and gave a party in commemoration of the coming of the railroad. The day before, a detachment of artillery, under Lieutenant Hadley, had arrived from Chicago, to take part in the celebration. On the morning of the eleventh Old Sol emerged from the far horizon of the Lake, in very gracious mood. The waters were touched with regal splendor, the corrugated bluffs smiled and dimpled in response, while the forests stood etched against a sky-line of ethereal blue. It was "unusual weather," and as such has found its way into tradition.

It is now noon and the "special" from Chicago, composed of a train of flat cars, bearing officials and guests to the celebration will soon hove in view. And right on time it came—at half past twelve—having covered the distance—35 miles—in two hours and a half! Quick time in that early day. A boom of cannon, the cheers of the enthusiastic people, and a band of music proclaimed its arrival.

Imagine what an event this was to the pioneers and their families! Many of whom were seeing a locomotive for the first time! Yes, little by little, the east was being linked with the west and then they would not seem so far apart. A procession to the courthouse square where speeches were made, a banquet, at which four hundred participated, and a ball in the evening, closed a memorable day in the history of Waukegan.

Later, over the steel trail, came the Hon. Stephen Douglas, addressing an audience from an improvised platform close to the railroad station. Mr. Douglas had been a visitor before the coming of the railroad, addressing a large audience from the courthouse square. The second of April, 1860, Abraham Lincoln spoke to a large audience in Dickinson Hall. He was warmly welcomed, for already Mr. Lincoln was looked upon as a possible candidate for the presidency. "The Waukegan Gazette," however (a live paper today), named Lincoln for second place on the ticket, giving preference to Simon Cameron as president. The Hon. C. A. Partridge, in his reminiscent mood of this particular occasion, writes, in his valuable "History of Lake County:"

"Looking back upon it, and remembering that this gathering was but six weeks prior to the date set for the convention in which Mr. Lincoln was finally named for the highest office in the gift of the American people, and that the very air was surcharged with political excitement and with forebodings of the great military struggle so soon to begin, it seems remarkable that all mention of the meeting in the local paper was confined to a brief paragraph."

During Mr. Lincoln's speech there came the ominous sound of the firebell. Naturally, the audience evinced symptoms of uneasiness. The chairman, Hon. E. P. Ferry, endeavored to allay the fears of the audience by remarking that there was no cause for alarm for it was but a practical joke on the part of political opponents in an endeavor to break up the meeting, and begged the distinguished speaker to proceed. But Mr. Lincoln had caught sight of the red glare from without, and in his quiet manner, said: "I think there is a fire. You had better go and try to save the property. I can come some other time and speak to you." With a few friends and from a point of vantage on the beach Mr. Lincoln witnessed the destruction of a warehouse on the lake shore.

For a number of years before the coming of the railroad Waukegan had been considered a thriving shipping port. Before its first pier was constructed, in the summer of 1841, passengers and freight had been transferred from passing vessels to lighters. But not until 1845 did steamboats come with any marked regularity. Each River and Harbor Bill since 1881 carried an appropriation for the maintenance and improvement of the harbor.

Waukegan is about thirty-five miles north of Chicago. It had every advantage for the evolution of a City Beautiful, but was destined, even from its earliest incipency, to become a City Commercial; and the "beautiful," except in instances, in which individual citizens and the City Fathers have striven to retain the rich gifts bestowed by Nature, lies in abeyance.

At the base of its towering and picturesque bluffs is a stretch of smooth sandy beach from one-eighth to one-third of a mile in width. This latter has been appropriated to manufacturing purposes and the right of way of the railroad. The city itself is on the plateau above. Its streets are intersected by beautifully wooded ravines, which are bridged for convenience, and Sheridan Road takes its way along the bluff, commanding an expansive view of the Lake. Many of the early homes and a few of the most pretentious houses were built along this street, long, long before it became designated as a part of one of the world's famous driveways; and, perhaps, long before it was realized that an array of smokestacks, albeit out of direct view, might frequently veil the sapphire of the waters in a murk of smoke.

Waukegan has well paved streets, up-to-date curbs and avenues rich with a fine maple growth. It has good schools, fine churches and a well built and artistic public library. In the basement of the latter are the headquarters of the Lake County Historical Society.

A wealth of material is gathered here awaiting classification. Awaiting a throb of responsive appreciation from the people of the county itself, who should, without unnecessary delay, awaken to the fact that it is absolutely essential, if they expect consideration in the archives of the future, to swell the membership of this small but enthusiastic organization, that is doing so much to preserve the traditions and legends of Lake County.

When one realizes what has already been accomplished under difficulties, the assurance presents itself that Waukegan is destined in the near future to an evolution in which the artistic will touch elbow with the commercial, and laying hold of its many natural advantages, seek development in the interest of the utmost good for the greatest number, by making a city park which shall be unequalled in scenic beauty and picturesqueness by anything of the kind along the North Shore.



Trail Tree at Glencoe, Ill.

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